AUGUST 25, 1962. VOL. CCL. No. 3247. TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

# THE SPHERE


McVITIE & PRICE

*Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits*

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

*The essence of feminine elegance . . .*

LES PARFUMS WORTH

JE REVIENS · VERS TOI · DANS LA NUIT · IMPRUDENCE

GEISWEILER

*the Greatest name in Burgundy*

Sole Importers: Fickus Courtenay & Co. Ltd., 35, Dover Street, London, W.1.

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LIQUEUR

WORLD WITHOUT SHADOW

PLEASE REMEMBER ST. DUNSTAN'S IN YOUR WILL

*All information from*

THE LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE

*(Chairman)*

ST DUNSTAN'S

1, South Audley Street, London, W.1

*(Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948)*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

SUPPLIERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT

WALLACE HEATON

The Camera People

127 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Avoid colds-breathe

VAPEX TRADE MARK

inhalant

From your chemist

A drop on your handkerchief by day and on your pillow by night will give you 24-hour protection. The value of VAPEX has been proved in every epidemic during the last thirty years.

*From your Chemist 3/-*

TIO PEPE

THE SHERRY OF SPAIN

GONZALEZ BYASS

Royal Exchange ASSURANCE

Head Office at the Royal Exchange · London

*Incorporated in 1720*


PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

*Registered at a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom*

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/6

# The tortoise and the hare

He's cooling off the hard way—after six savage games of deck tennis. She's been taking it easy all book—and for three books before that. Still, that's the beauty of a P & O – Orient voyage. *You do what you like!*

Everything is laid on for you. Sunlit decks to laze on. More sunlit decks to play on. Cool lounges for the heat of the day. Good food. Good cabins. Good company. Impeccable standards of service and courtesy. And, by P & O – Orient, many, many fascinating ports of call. Aden — Colombo — Sydney — Hong Kong — Yokohama — San Francisco — and lots of others.

Tortoise or hare—on a P & O – Orient voyage, *you both win!*

*Or you can take a Sea/Air Ticket and fly part of the way.*

14 Cockspur Street, SW1 · 130 Leadenhall Street, EC3 **or Travel Agents**

**P&O-ORIENT LINES**

Join the 13 day

# GALA

## NEW YEAR CRUISE

of the famous liner

S.S. "STATENDAM"

Welcome the New Year aboard one of the world's loveliest ocean liners! Come and enjoy a New Year's Eve Party at sea, sunshine cruising off the Canaries, moonlight cruising off Gibraltar, many fascinating shore excursions and a whole wealth of shipboard entertainment.

**Rates from £84 to £302**

The fully air-conditioned, stabiliser-equipped STATENDAM (24,294 gross tons) has a glass-enclosed promenade, magnificent public rooms, Cinemascope Theatre, and renowned cuisine. Over 90% of her accommodation has private facilities. What a ship for a Gala Cruise!

**From Southampton, 11 a.m., DEC. 29th 1962, to JAN. 11th 1963. One Class only.**

*Bask in the sun and see*

MADEIRA
TENERIFE
CASABLANCA
TANGIER
MALAGA
LISBON

*Consult your Travel Agent or*

**Holland-America Line**

120 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Telephone: WHItehall 1972
150 High Street, Southampton. Telephone: Southampton 29051



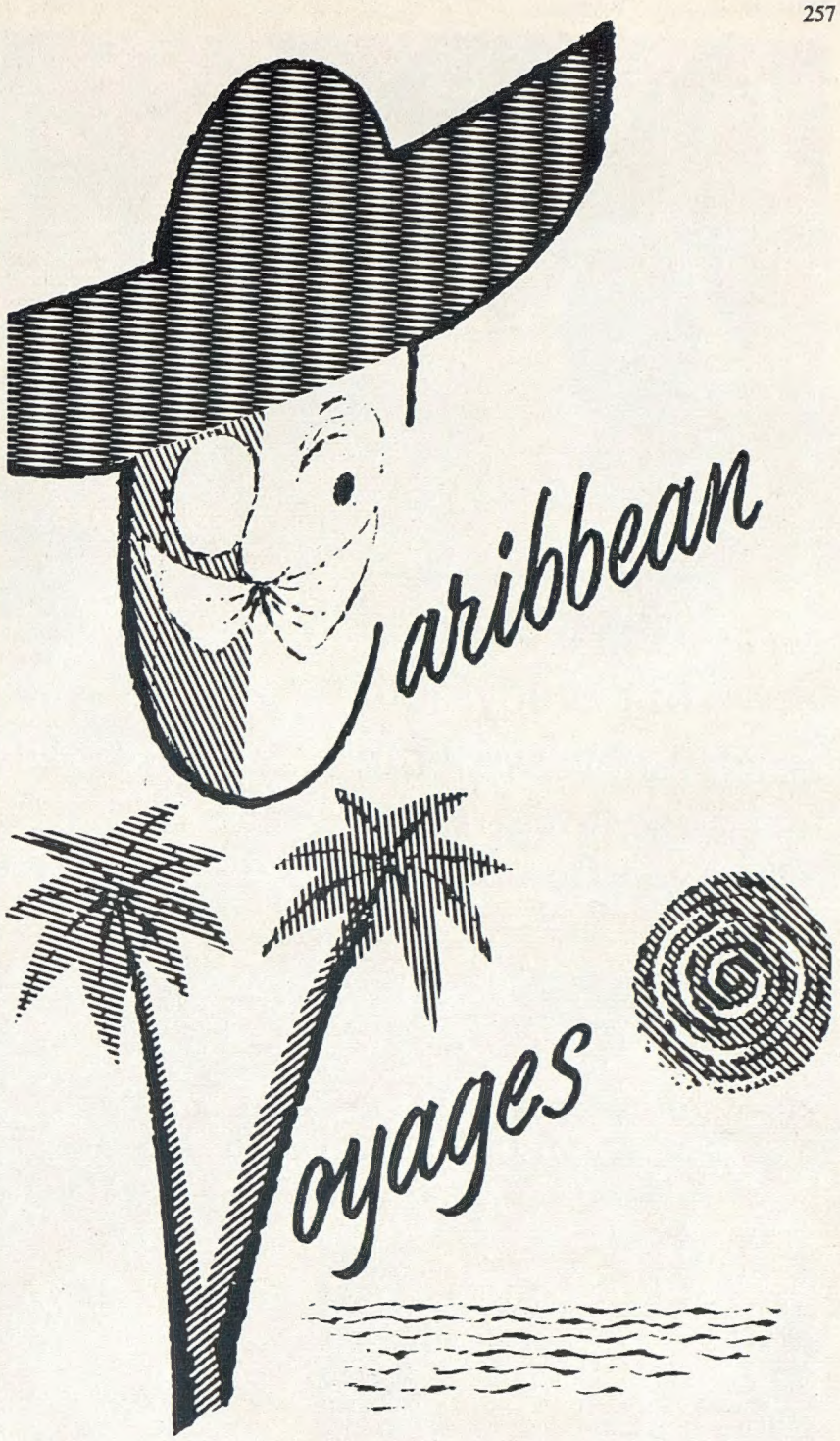
# "The Antiquary"

*De luxe*
*Scotch Whisky*

No other Old Scotch Whisky excels The Antiquary for maturity, mellowness and subtle flavours. Would that there were more of it.

J. & M. Hardie LIMITED.
EDINBURGH






Long sun-soaked days — the gaiety of West Indian ports of call — luxury liner life — superb French cuisine.

These are the things that distinguish a French Line four-week pleasure voyage — the fashionable way to pass the winter.

"Flandre" and "Antilles" offer a choice of five sailings from Southampton, January to March.

*Ask your Travel Agent.*

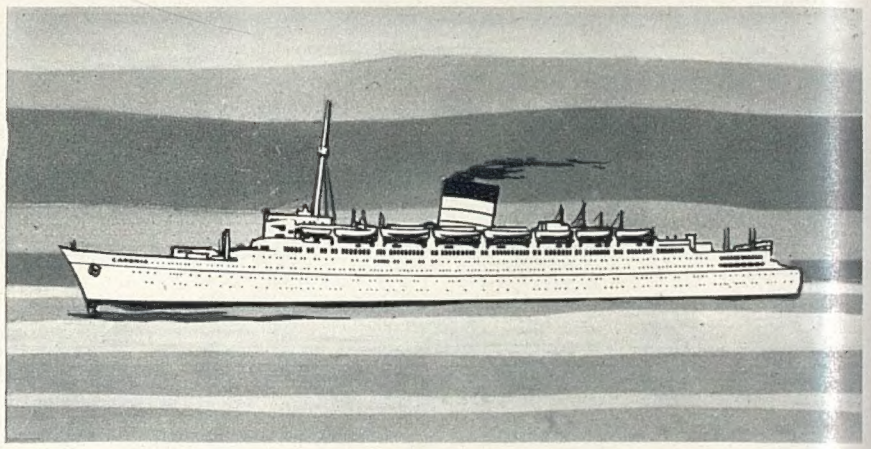
**French Line**

20 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON S.W.1. Tel. TRAfalgar 9040

EVERYONE HAS A "DOUBLE" WHEN IT'S
**VAT 69** SCOTCH WHISKY

# CUNARD

## This winter sail South into SUNSHINE in 'Caronia'



**BARBADOS, JAMAICA, BAHAMAS, FLORIDA, NEW YORK—**
**THEN ON ROUND THE WORLD IF YOU LIKE**

'Caronia', largest liner built exclusively for cruising, leaves Liverpool on January 5th and sets a sunshine course for New York via Barbados, Jamaica, the Bahamas and Florida. If your time is limited you can return to U.K. from Nassau (Bahamas) or Miami (Florida) by Cunard Eagle Boeing jet. 'Caronia's' cruise through smooth sunlit waters to the West Indies and New York is a brilliant curtain raiser to her annual World Cruise, starting from New York on January 25th.

### THE WORLD CRUISE

This is a luxury voyage of 92 days, covering 30,000 miles with calls at 23 of the world's loveliest and most historic ports. You travel in air-conditioned luxury, superbly fed, attentively served and brilliantly entertained. Booking for the World Cruise from Britain or Europe, and disembarking at Naples or Lisbon entitles you to (1) free transport in 'Caronia' (via the West Indies and Florida) to New York, (2) free accommodation on board in New York until the cruise begins, or (3) free transport to New York by any other convenient Cunard sailing, (4) free travel to your starting point in Britain or Europe by rail or air from Naples or Lisbon.

### 'CARINTHIA' TO BERMUDA

On January 25th, this fast, modern ship leaves Liverpool and, after a call at Cobh, heads sunwards for Bermuda, then on to New York. Her sister ship 'Sylvania' will operate monthly services in the return direction during February, March and April. Remember, too, that Cunard Eagle Airways operate regular jet services from Bermuda direct to London.

*Consult your local travel agent or Cunard Line, Cunard Building, Liverpool, 3 (Liverpool CENtral 9201); 15 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (WHItehall 7890); 88 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3 (AVEnue 3010).*

Volume CCL No. 3247

LONDON, August 25, 1962

# THE SPHERE

© 1962. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

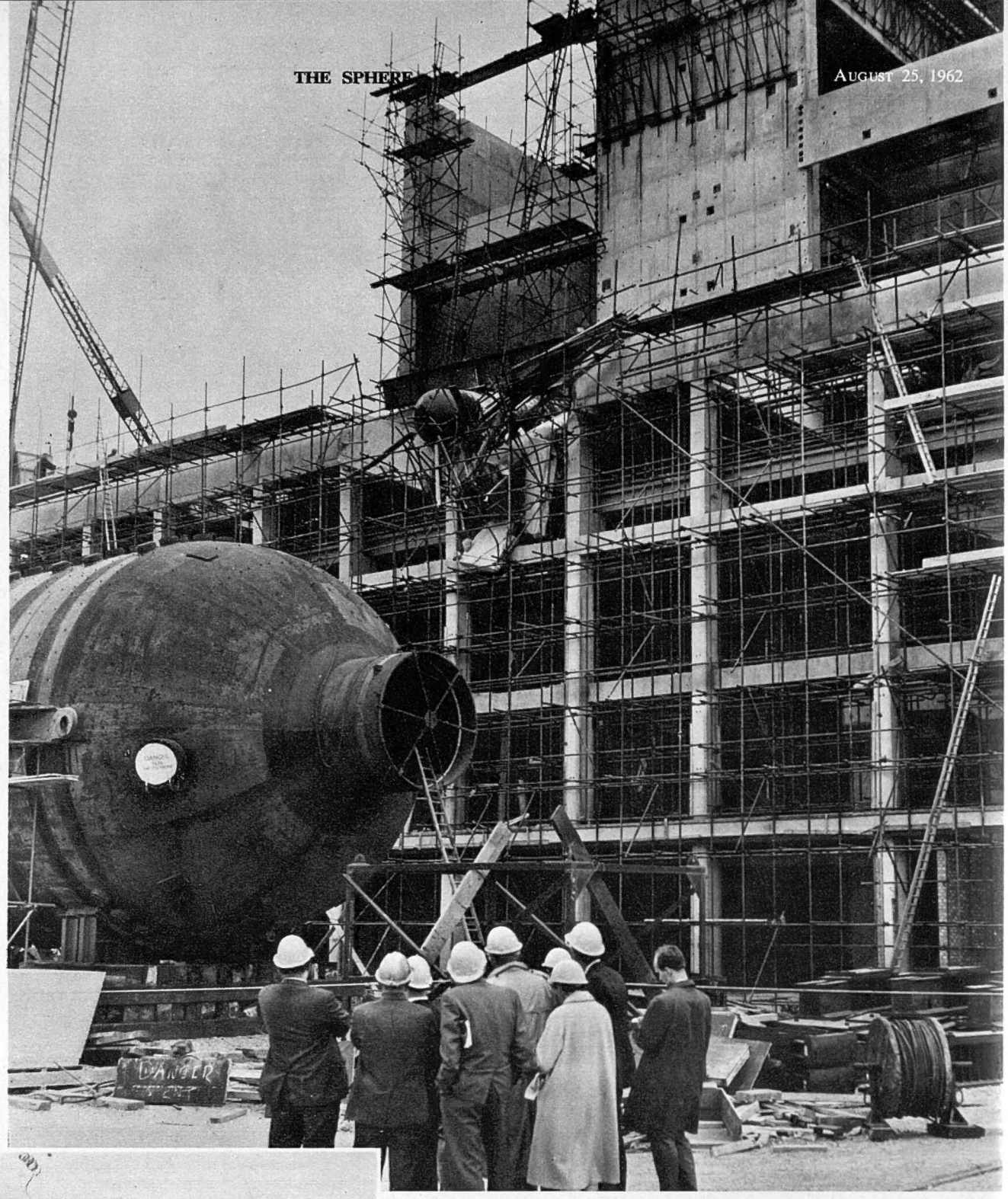
## ANGER IN WEST BERLIN

West Berlin youths hurl stones at and over the Berlin wall during violent demonstrations last weekend. Thousands of people in West Berlin protested after the shooting at the end of last week of a young East German, who had tried to escape by climbing over the wall. He was shot by East Berlin guards and left dying at the barricades for almost an hour before being carried away. About 1,000 demonstrators hurled stones and bottles at a Soviet bus as it passed through the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint with replacement guards for the Soviet monument in the British sector. Later they tried to block its return journey. At nightfall last Sunday, West Berlin police and military police cleared demonstrators away from Checkpoint Charlie. About 5,000 Berliners marched silently from the wall to hear a speech at the Town Hall by Herr Brandt, the chief Burgomaster. Afterwards, their numbers swelled to at least 7,000, they marched back to the wall. International tension over Berlin was further aggravated by an outspoken speech by Mr. Khrushchev during the cosmonaut celebrations in Moscow. (See page 263)

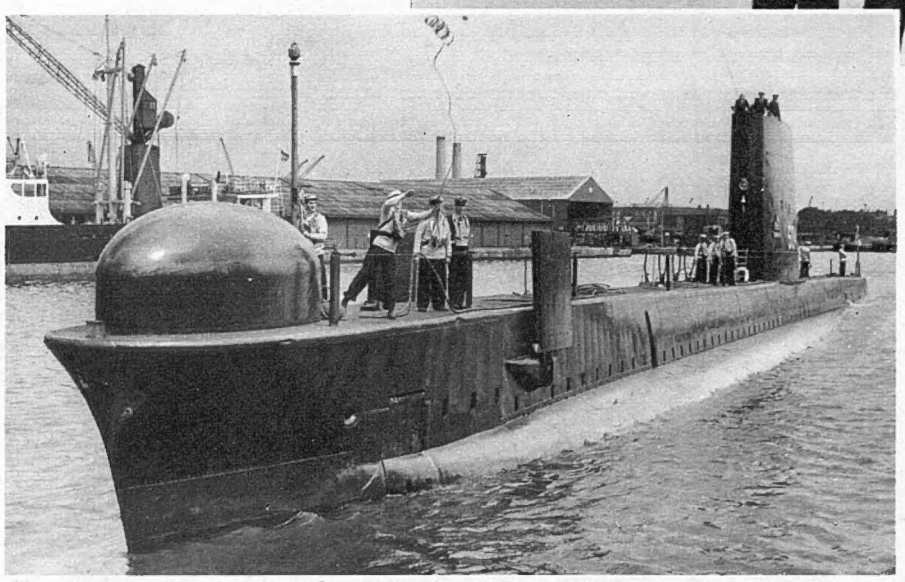
Postage: Inland, 4½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

On the number one reactor at the Dungeness Nuclear Power Station, two 20-ton steel drums rest on the scaffolding on the side of the blower house after they slipped while being lifted by a giant crane. Although considerable damage was caused by the accident last week, it was not expected that it would delay completion of the power station. The steel drums were being hoisted into the boiler-house in readiness for one of the biggest single jobs in the project —the lifting into place of the first of the four 90-ton boilers, built on the Tees and floated to Dungeness by sea. Until the accident rapid progress had been made on the nuclear power station. It is hoped the first reactor and turbine will start operating at the end of 1964

**Below:** A member of the crew of H.M. submarine *Grampus* throws a line to her companion submarine *Finwhale* before berthing at Export Dock in West India Docks, London. The two Porpoise class submarines were on a four-day courtesy visit to the Port of London last week, and were open to the public during a part of their stay




TWO STEEL DRUMS CRASH 160 FT. DURING CONSTRUCTION OF DUNGENESS NUCLEAR POWER STATION



SUBMARINES VISIT THE PORT OF LONDON

**Below:** UNDER-COVER SHOPPING CENTRE FOR SOUTH LONDON

It was announced last week that work was to start immediately on the construction of the £2,000,000 traffic-free shopping centre at the Elephant and Castle, in South London. It will be the largest single building in the London County Council's comprehensive redevelopment scheme for the area. **Below** is an artist's impression, from the air, of the new building, with its horizontal shopping block with 200,000 sq. ft. of space, surmounted by a vertical eleven-storey office block. **Below left** is a drawing showing part of the decorative courtyard surrounding the main building on three sides. Central feature is a pedestrian mall, flanked with shops, with translucent canopy which can be opened in fine weather. The site is being developed by the Willett Group of Companies

# THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ADEN TALKS CONCLUDE IN LONDON—THE COLONY IS TO JOIN THE FEDERATION OF SOUTHERN ARABIA

The group of eight delegates from the Governments of Aden Colony and the Federation of Southern Arabia are with Mr. Sandys, Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Secretary, during talks which concluded in London last week. From left are the Audhali Sultan, Federal Minister of Internal Security; Sultan Ahmed al Fadhli, Federal Minister of Agriculture; Sheikh Mohammed Farid, Federal Minister of Finance; Mr. Basendwah, Aden Minister of Health; Mr. Nigel Fisher, Britain's Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Colonial Office; Mr. Sandys; Mr. Morgan, Aden Department, Colonial Office; the Sultan of Lahej, Federal Defence Minister; Mr. Joshi, Aden Minister of Works; the Sharif of Beihan, Federal Minister of the Interior; and Mr. Bayoomi, Aden Minister of Labour. Agreement was reached at the talks that Aden Colony was to join the Federation of Southern Arabia; the terms of the agreement were due to be published in Aden and London within a few days

SETTLEMENT OF AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD DISPUTE BETWEEN THE NETHERLANDS AND INDONESIA

Dr. J. E. de Quay, hat in hand, is surrounded by newsmen after an extra-ordinary meeting of the Dutch Minister's Council in The Hague. Last week's agreement in New York to transfer the administration of West New Guinea to Indonesia was reportedly badly received in The Netherlands capital. The agreement provided for an interim period of U.N. administration beginning on October 1 until Indonesia takes over on May 1, 1963. Dr. de Quay later said: "Holland could not count on the support of its allies and for that reason we had to sign." It was reported that the Dutch view was that they did not consider as adequate the safeguards for Papuan self-determination (a plebiscite to be held in 1969, six years after complete Indonesian take-over of the area)

WELCOME IN SINGAPORE TO RETURNING PREMIERS

A crowd of Singapore citizens wait at the airport in Singapore to welcome Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaya, and Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime Minister of Singapore, on their return from Britain after the successful conclusion of the London talks on the proposed Federation of Malaysia. This grouping, to come into being on August 31, 1963, will include Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, North Borneo and Brunei

BREAKTHROUGH IN MONT BLANC

**Far right:** Jubilant French and Italian tunnellers walk out of the new tunnel under Mont Blanc waving the flags of their respective countries. Last week the simultaneous detonation of 100 explosive charges broke through the last four yards of rock barrier in the £14,000,000 transalpine road tunnel, between France and Italy, due to be opened to traffic early in 1964

# THE NEWS IN PICTURES

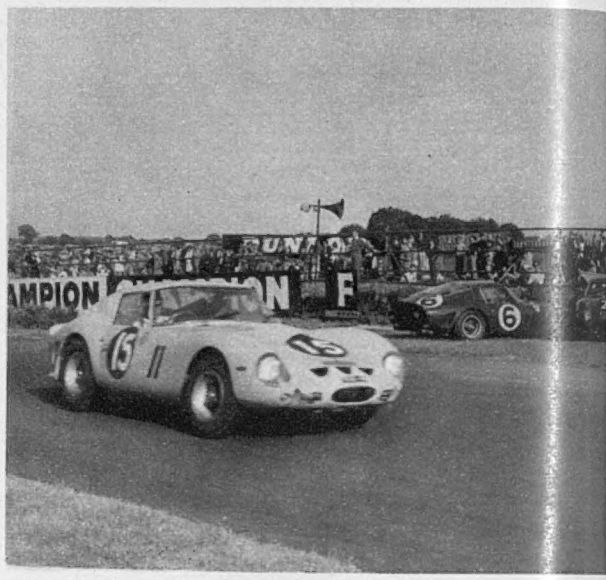
One of the three U.2 high-altitude reconnaissance aircraft of the U.S. Air Force comes in to land at the R.A.F. station at Upper Heyford, in Oxfordshire. They arrived in Britain last weekend to carry out a "high-altitude sampling programme" to determine the distribution and amount of debris placed in the upper atmosphere by nuclear explosions. U.2s can fly at least 15 miles high. The three which arrived in Britain are unarmed. It was in a U.2 that Captain Powers was brought down over Russia

THREE OF THE FAMOUS U.2 HIGH-ALTITUDE AIRCRAFT IN BRITAIN

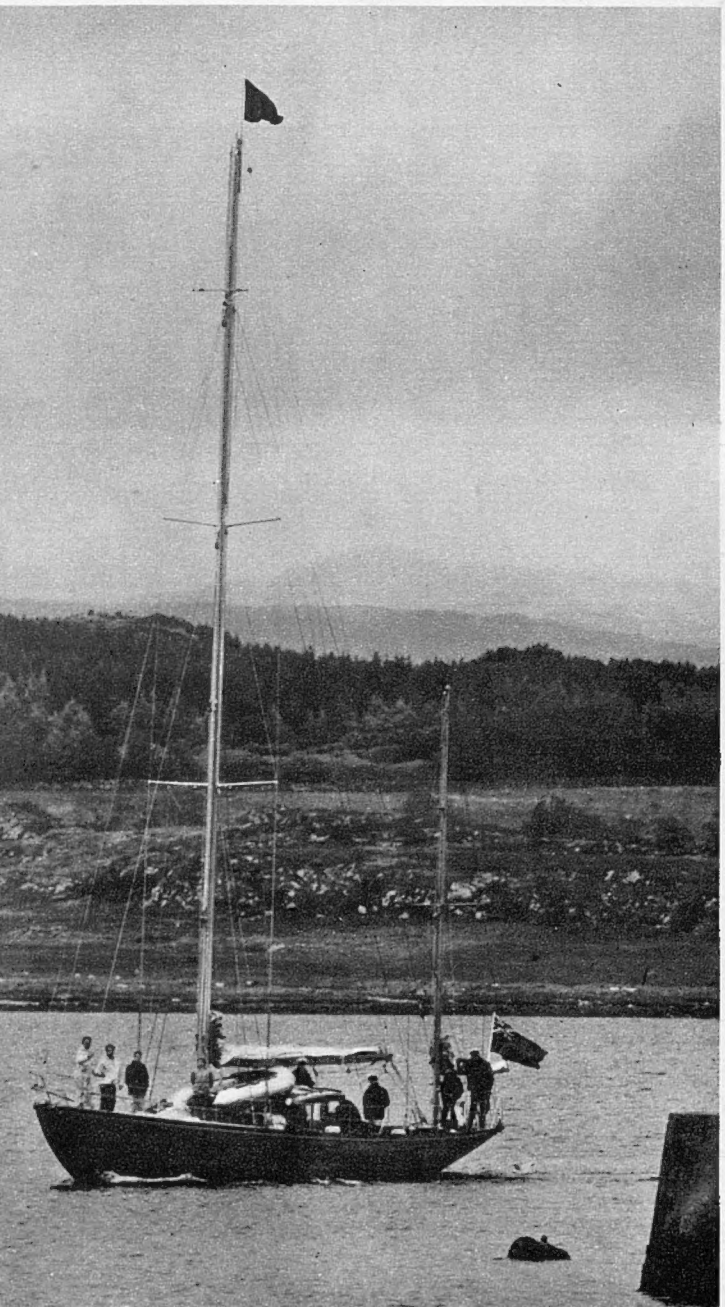
Jim Beatty of the U.S. wins the Emsley Carr mile at the White City in 3 mins. 56.5 secs. from his compatriot, J. Grelle. In a remarkable race last weekend five runners, led by Beatty, broke four minutes for the mile. They included two British runners — S. Taylor and M. Berisford. Beatty's time had only been beaten by three athletes

SUB-FOUR-MINUTE MILERS AT THE WHITE CITY

**Far right:** In the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race for grand touring cars at Goodwood, the eventual winner, Innes Ireland, in his Ferrari Berlinetta sweeps round Madgwich Corner past the wreckage of two cars. These were the Aston Martin of Jim Clark and the Ferrari of John Surtees, who, until the accident, was leading the race. Second, behind Ireland, was Graham Hill, also in a Ferrari Berlinetta



TRIUMPH AND DISASTER AT GOODWOOD



ROYAL CRUISE OFF SCOTLAND

**Left:** The Royal yawl *Bloodhound* leaves the Crinan Canal, in Argyllshire, for the open sea. On board for a sailing holiday are Prince Philip, Prince Charles, Princess Anne and Prince Gustav of Sweden. After cruising among the Western Isles, *Bloodhound* was forced to spend some time last weekend sheltering off the Isle of Mull in sharp, blustery weather

FINISH OF THE TALL SHIPS RACE

**Below:** The West German Navy barque, *Gorch Fock*, crosses the finishing-line near Dieppe to win Class I of the Tall Ships Race from Torbay, in Devon. Overall winner of the race was the Italian yawl, *Corsaro II*, winner of Class II. In Class III the French cutter *Glenan* won. Second and third were *Wishstream* of Sandhurst and *Merlin* of Home Air Command, R.N.

# NEWS SUMMARY

*Proposals for a limited nuclear test ban; Russian threats over Berlin as Moscow celebrates; party purge in Hungary; Mr. Heath and the T.U.C.; and tensions in Africa*

## INTERNATIONAL

New attempts have been reported to end the deadlock in the **Geneva** Disarmament Conference before it adjourns next month. In **Washington,** Mr. William Foster, the head of the U.S. Disarmament Agency, said last weekend that the U.S. might agree to a limited nuclear test ban treaty, excluding underground tests. Such a treaty had been thrice rejected by the Soviet Union, but last week at Geneva the Italian delegate proposed a ban on all tests in the atmosphere, in space and under water as a preliminary move. Talks on a comprehensive treaty in the past have always ended in deadlock on the question of detecting underground tests—the Russians claimed they could detect such tests, the West insisted they could not and therefore wanted a minimum at least of on-site inspection.

A second issue, which it has been reported has been the subject of private discussion between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, is the stopping of the spread of nuclear weapons by an international pledge. This topic has been on the conference agenda for some considerable time. Among the provisions is one that the nuclear powers would pledge not to transfer technical knowledge or weapons to third parties.

## THE SOVIET UNION

Red Square in **Moscow** was the scene last weekend of the celebrations by Muscovites of the return of the two cosmonauts, Major Nikolayev and Lieut.-Colonel Popovich. The celebrations were seen in Britain on television through a Eurovision link from Moscow. A crowd of about 150,000 listened to speeches from the cosmonauts and Mr. Khrushchev—the ceremonies were almost entirely civilian in nature and many Western observers remarked that the keynote of Russian jubilation about the exploit seemed to be purely national pride. In his speech, Mr. Khrushchev attacked the West's stand over West Berlin, calling, yet again, for the recognition of both Germanys, the liquidation of the West Berlin "Nato base," and the withdrawal from West Berlin of "aggressive" Nato troops. If there was no agreement, Mr. Khrushchev threatened to sign a peace treaty with East Germany, but once again he specified no date.

Earlier that weekend, the Soviet Union launched a new unmanned satellite into orbit. Named Cosmos 8, its purpose was officially described as study of the upper layers of the atmosphere.

## HUNGARY

It was reported from **Budapest** that Mr. Kadar, the Prime Minister, had formally purged his party of leading figures of the Stalinist regime in Hungary. Mr. Karoly Kiss, a former Foreign Minister, was expelled from the Politburo; Mr. Rakosi, Party Secretary from 1944 to 1956, and Mr. Gerö, Party Secretary at the time of the rising in November 1956, were formally deprived of party membership. Mr. Rakosi and Mr. Gerö are both in exile in the Soviet Union.

## GREAT BRITAIN

Last Monday Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal and Minister in charge of Common Market negotiations, published a 4,000-word document answering doubts and suggestions by the T.U.C. on Britain's possible membership of the Common Market. The document was being urgently studied by the T.U.C. this week, since the T.U.C. Congress at Blackpool is imminent. Topics covered include the need for full employment and economic expansion, price control, mobility of labour, and increases in food prices. On this last point, Mr. Heath says that fears on higher prices can be greatly exaggerated.

The annual report of the T.U.C. General Council also came out this week. It describes the conflict with Government policy over the last year on economic policy and wages. The conclusion is that the case for economic planning is overwhelming.

Lord Robens, Chairman of the National Coal Board, said last weekend that he was planning to double British coal exports to Europe, to reach at least 10,000,000 tons a year. The Board has plans to set up an overseas marketing division and to use large, fast colliers of up to 40,000 tons.

Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Home Affairs in the Federal Government. Mr. Savanhu, one of two Africans in Sir Roy's Government, said he resigned because of the Government's failure to implement its policy of racial partnership. Church leaders in Southern Rhodesia appealed to Premier Sir Edgar Whitehead for new talks with the Zimbabwe African People's Union of Mr. Joshua Nkomo in an attempt to resolve the deadlock. ZAPU, however, seemed unlikely to talk without any suggestion of changes in the 1961 constitution, which Sir Edgar was not prepared to make.

ZAPU was also in conflict with the T.U.C., whose president, Mr. Reuben Jamela, was beaten up by members of ZAPU youth wing at the funeral of Dr. Parirenyatwa, deputy president of ZAPU, killed in a car crash last week. Mr. Jamela was expelled from ZAPU two months ago for refusing to sever the

Major Nikolayev (left) and Lieut.-Colonel Popovich acknowledge the cheering crowds from the saluting base in Red Square, Moscow, clapped by Mr. Khrushchev. They had just made a triumphant journey from Moscow Airport

## AFRICA

Ghana expelled the Anglican Bishop of **Accra,** Dr. Roseveare, for his criticisms of the Young Pioneer Movement in Ghana as "godless." Dr. Patterson, the Anglican Bishop of West Africa, was also ordered to leave. In **Rome** the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches passed a resolution asking Ghana to reconsider the expulsions.

From Congo came reports of renewed fighting between troops of the Central Government and of Katanga in the **Albertville** area of North Katanga. The U.N. blamed the Katanga Government and warned that unless their attack was halted the U.N. would have to intervene with "all the means at its disposal." Early this week General Mobutu, the Congolese Army Commander, claimed that his troops had stopped the advance of Katangese gendarmes in the area. Reports that the Central Government in **Leopoldville** was to break off diplomatic relations with Britain, for her opposition to the U.S. plan for last-resort sanctions against Katanga, proved unfounded. Meanwhile M. Tshombe, President of Katanga, returned to **Elisabethville** from Europe, visiting Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, in **Salisbury** on the way.

Sir Roy had troubles of his own with the resignation of Mr. Jasper Savanhu, links between the T.U.C. and the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

## MIDDLE EAST

In **Amman,** Wasfi Tal, the Jordan Prime Minister, said that two more plots, one against King Hussein, the other against leading Jordanian personalities, had been frustrated. He blamed the plots on agents of President Nasser of the U.A.R. In **Bagdad,** a spokesman for the Government of Prime Minister Kassem said that complaints had been made to Turkey of "repeated" Turkish violation of Iraqi air space, and alleged support by Turkish "outlaws" for the Kurdish rebellion in North Iraq. This followed a reported apology from Iraq for an air attack by Iraqi aircraft inside Turkey in which two soldiers had been killed.

## MALTA

Dr. Borg Olivier, the Maltese Prime Minister, was due to return to **Valletta** after talks in London with Mr. Sandys, Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Secretary, had been concluded without agreement. Dr. Olivier had been in London since the end of June, postponing the preparation of his budget until he had ascertained the scale of British aid. The budget, which has to meet a deficit of £1,500,000, must be presented by next week.

Mr. Macmillan walks over the Yorkshire Moors on the way to his second day's shooting at the start of the grouse season. He was a member of the eight-gun party of Lord Swinton (extreme left) which went out on Ilton Moor, Masham. It was announced later that the Prime Minister was interrupting his shooting holiday to return to London this week in order to deal briefly with Government business. He was to be joined by Mr. R. A. Butler, who would break his holiday in Scotland

# AUGUST BREAK FROM POLITICS

Mr. Macmillan and Lord Burton draw for positions from the box held by Lord Swinton

Mr. Maudling, and his wife, before leaving London for the South of France

A break from grouse shooting for Lord Home on his estate in Lanarkshire

President Kennedy at the wheel of the yawl *Manitou* cruising off the coast of Maine

Lord Hailsham and his son James during their climbing holiday in Switzerland, near Meiringen

General Eisenhower, on his visit to Britain, plays a tricky shot at Wentworth

JOHN CONNELL

# COMMUNISM IN AFRICA

Early this year I heard a distinguished publisher declare, in the scornful yet self-satisfied accents of the man who has the real inside news about the market: " There are two complete dead ducks in publishing now—books about Africa and books about Communist penetration into this, that or the other country. I say, your glass is empty, old man. What 'll you have? "

In quiet, courageous defiance of this smug, pompous and (as I believe) utterly fallacious dictum, Pieter Lessing has written, and Messrs. Michael Joseph have published, a book* about Russia's and—to a smaller but by no means insignificant degree—China's attempts to establish and extend their influence in what it is polite now always to call " emergent " Africa. I have every hope that, by the reviews it is given and the sale it wins for itself, the book will effectively demonstrate to my complacent acquaintance the folly of laying down the law about what interests, or is likely to interest, the reading public.

Few people in this country know much about Africa nowadays; and (as Mr. Lessing remarks caustically in his book) those who know the least often pontificate the loudest. I myself feel that my old friend Ronald Storrs's observation, " The East is a University in which the scholar never takes his degree " is completely applicable to Africa. I suspect that Pieter Lessing, whose knowledge, by heredity, by upbringing and environment, and through long, patient study and arduous travel, is far greater than my own, would accept this proposition. He is an Afrikaner of long-established stock, who after combatant service on many fronts in the Second World War settled in Europe. Three or four years ago a desire to revisit the continent whence he sprang took him, in a Land-Rover, across vast stretches of Africa: the Sudan, Ethiopia, Cameroun, Ghana, the Belgian Congo on the eve of independence, the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, Kenya and the Portuguese colonies. (He described his experiences in the Cameroun in an article in *The Sphere* in September 1960.) His adventures were many and some of them pretty hair-raising—including being shot up in an ambush in Cameroun—but the views which he formed were neither facile nor fashionable: he holds them tenaciously, however, and events are proving him right.

His book is serious and scholarly. He is inevitably discreet about his sources, but nearly all his information is impressively original and it bears the stamp of complete veracity. Since it refers to happenings in the spring of this year, the book was obviously written against the clock. It gives, however, no hint of hurry or superficiality, and it is extremely timely. If it lies within the power of a single book nowadays to correct some at least of the sloppy and ignorant misjudgments about Africa which are so widely current, and to make some of the people who influence opinion and policy go back to first principles and re-assess the folly and the cowardice of the past four years, *Africa's Red Harvest* will have fulfilled its purpose. I am told that a brilliant, edgy, tough novel about American mistakes in South-East Asia, called *The Ugly American*, had an immensely salutary effect in the United States. I hope that Lessing's book, whose facts are etched in with the same sharp, sombre effect, will be widely read on the other side of the Atlantic, as well as here and in Africa.

For a decade or so—as Lessing points out—there has been a great deal of loose talk about the Communist danger in Africa. The Americans and the South Africans have cried " Wolf, wolf ! " so often that their warnings have badly blurred the harsh, but by no means simple, truth. If people go on (for example) describing Alan Paton and Bishop Huddleston as " Communists," they make it difficult for the far more complex facts about a major move in world affairs to be understood.

One straightforward statement of Lessing's deserves to be quoted in full here and (I hold) printed in the most vivid colours and bold type possible, and hung up in the offices of all Ministers and senior officials in the Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Office, and of all members of the African section of the U.S. State Department. Mr. John F. Kennedy, Mr. Harold Macmillan, Messrs. Macleod, Sandys and Mennen Williams should be compelled to learn it by heart, and repeat it three times every morning, while shaving. Dr. Verwoerd should join the class, too.

" The truth is," says Lessing, " that until 1958 the Soviet Union not only had no organisation working anywhere in Africa, except the small South African Communist Party, but the Soviet policy-makers were so ignorant about Africa that they were incapable of shaping a coherent policy."

We are confronted therefore not with the working-out of some long and deeply laid plot, but with the hasty, always ruthless, but often ham-handed improvisation on a theme supplied by others (ourselves), and the exploitation—at one moment eager, at the next hesitant—of our follies and blunders, past and present. We are dealing with a phenomenon which has only arisen in the past four years. That it is now so formidable is a measure of our foolishness, of the Western capacity—amounting at times to perverted genius—for putting the wrong man in the wrong place at the wrong time, for misunderstanding the African heart (far more than the African mind), and for judging Africa by the standards of Westminster, S.W.1, and Washington, D.C.

Having stressed the speed with which the calamity (and it is indeed a calamity) has developed, I have no wish to minimise the present and future dangers. The Soviet Union, Lessing points out—and I agree with him—" has become a dominant factor in day-to-day affairs in every part of emerging Africa."

I can cite one small experience of my own as evidence in support of Lessing's contention. Early one morning slightly over a year ago an aircraft in which I was travelling was delayed, for something more than the brief refuelling stop, at Khartoum. I drank black coffee in the steamy and crowded lounge and wondered testily if I was going to be late for my luncheon appointment in Nairobi. While I was reflecting, to damp down my unreasonable exasperation, that exactly twenty years earlier a journey from Kisumu to Khartoum by B.O.A.C. flying-boat had taken me a whole day, I became aware that an airport official was oddly anxious to get me into conversation.

" You are British? " he asked. He was an engaging, very dark-skinned young man in neat white shorts and shirt. His English was flawless. " If you can spare the time, I 'd like to show you something."

We went out into the strengthening sunlight, and he led me to a vehicle on the tarmac. We drove round the edge of the enormous airfield, for some distance. When he halted the vehicle, I could see, far away on the extreme edge of the field, three or four very large aircraft. They stood, dark and glowering, in the Nilotic shimmer.

" Do you know what those are? "

I confessed to ignorance.

" They are Soviet Ilyushins," he said; " they stop here overnight on their way to Leopoldville. None of us is allowed nearer than this. They have their own guards. I am certain they are carrying arms."

We went back to the lounge and I stood him a coffee, and he talked of his boyhood under British rule. He was a vigorous Sudanese patriot. He taught—or rather retaught—me lesson one: it is wrong to identify African nationalism, however " extreme " it may appear, with Communism. But here is a corollary: while we, of the West, have in general misunderstood and mishandled African nationalism, not out of malice but out of ignorance and out of misfaken attitudes rooted in past relationships, the Communists have, suddenly and solely for their own purposes, sought to exploit African nationalism as a weapon—possibly a dynamic and very dangerous weapon—against the West in the Cold War.

African nationalist leaders, being in rampageous haste for power, have themselves been far from wise or far-sighted. They have deluded themselves with the belief that, because their material needs are so great and so insistent, they can take as much as possible in the way of aid and loans from the West and from the Communists alike, play one off against the other, shouting " No strings ! No neo-Colonialism ! " and get the best terms from both, and remain neutral as well as neutralist. Their successes in this extremely delicate field have been few and of minor significance; compared with men like Nasser and Kassem they are clumsy and curiously innocent new-comers. But they, on the other hand, have been able to grasp, even if only by intuition, one important fact: while the West can now, if it chooses, discard the Arab Middle East and be not a penny worse off, materially, morally or strategically, it cannot afford at present, on any of these grounds, to pull out of Africa completely.

The Africans' main sources of trouble and future danger, as Pieter Lessing demonstrates, are their fierce and deep-rooted sectional animosities which neither the United Nations, nor the idea of Commonwealth association, nor some of the purely African groupings—the Casablanca bloc and the Brazzaville bloc, for example—have been strong enough to diminish, let alone eradicate; a United States of Africa is a very far-off dream. But, meanwhile (Lessing argues with pith and force), " slowly but surely (and in some places not so slowly) world Communism is ferreting its way into all corners of Africa, while the West looks on—sometimes with alarm and sometimes complacently."

This is all the more unfortunate since, Lessing holds, there is in Africa a reservoir of goodwill towards the West. I think he is right, but I do not think that reservoir is unlimited; and I fear that some of those who handle the taps are neither very trustworthy nor very stable. In the struggle that is being waged the Rhodesias, Northern and Southern, have had laid on them a vast, if unexpected and unsought, burden. The white population of these countries can—Lessing believes, and I profoundly agree with him—" play an immense role if a serious effort is to be made to resist the spread of Soviet influence in Africa."

**Africa's Red Harvest*, by Pieter Lessing. (Michael Joseph. 21s.)

Musicians of a forty-man *chopi* orchestra from Mozambique are watched by an appreciative crowd in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, during the First International Congress of African Culture (south of the Sahara). Held at the beginning of this month, the £50,000 gathering was organised by Mr. Frank McEwen, the director of Rhodes National Gallery in Salisbury. The *chopis* (giant xylophones—the name means "whistling arrows") were but one of the many aspects of African culture presented at the Congress. Exhibitions continuing into September include valuable selections of African sculptures, masks and paintings, some dating back more than 2,000 years. The Congress, which it is hoped will be a biennial event, lasted for twelve days, and was opened by Dr. S. Biobaku, Vice-Chancellor and Director of African Studies of the University of Nigeria. Delegates, including Africologists from three continents, heard papers, saw films, and took part in many profitable discussions

# BAND OF THE WHISTLING ARROWS

b

# A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

"THE HUNDRED DAYS." Political students recently suggested that the next hundred days (already marching on) may prove a decisive period in British political history. The phrase "100 days" has an ominous sound. Once before, 100 days ended in a Waterloo. But no one can confidently allot the parts of Wellington and Napoleon in the new production. "Before it is over, we may be entering a new political era—things may never be quite the same again." As to that, things never are the same two days running, for we are all a day's march nearer home tomorrow. What are the hazards ahead for the new Napoleon? The Common Market decision, some vital by-elections, the chances of an upward trend in the economic situation, the Commonwealth Conference, Africa, Berlin and nuclear tests. In 100 days all these matters have a prospect of improving or dishing, by favourable progress or failure, his hopes. He may bring off a Ligny and stop short of a Waterloo, or travel the full stretch of that Via Dolorosa to St. Helena. On the other hand, prophecies are usually pie-crust, and it may well be that when the 100 days are up, things will look very much the same as they looked when the Recess started. We shall all be 100 days older; and none the wiser.

COMMON MARKET—COMMON KNOWLEDGE. Perhaps there never was in our history a vital national issue about which the public understands so little as the Common Market, and about which, in its ignorance, has troubled its head so little. The White Paper should be delivered free to every householder, if government for the people and by the people means anything. Sections of the public, of course, have worried about the expectations of advantage and disadvantage for their particular industries, and no doubt have read or listened to expositions (curiously few in the special circumstances) which have been tentatively put out on the radio and in the Press. But to the man in the street the question of entry into the Common Market is still regarded as one more politico-economic device to bolster up our economy, favoured by some members of the Government, and by Lord Beaverbrook strongly opposed. The idea that entry may change the whole course of his country's history and profoundly affect his way of life has hitherto caused him no sleepless nights or worried him more than has speculation about revolutionary changes in his way of life which cheap tickets to the moon may bring him. And that indifference (and ignorance) is all the odder because we have had such long-pre-notice, and months of opportunity to learn what we can about the Common Market and to take sides. The question of our entry into a world war is usually thrust on us at the last moment and settled for us before we can turn round. But this—perhaps equally vital—national issue we have been content to treat as one more device of the financial experts of the Establishment which may or may not cut the price of a gallon of petrol by a penny or two for motorists.

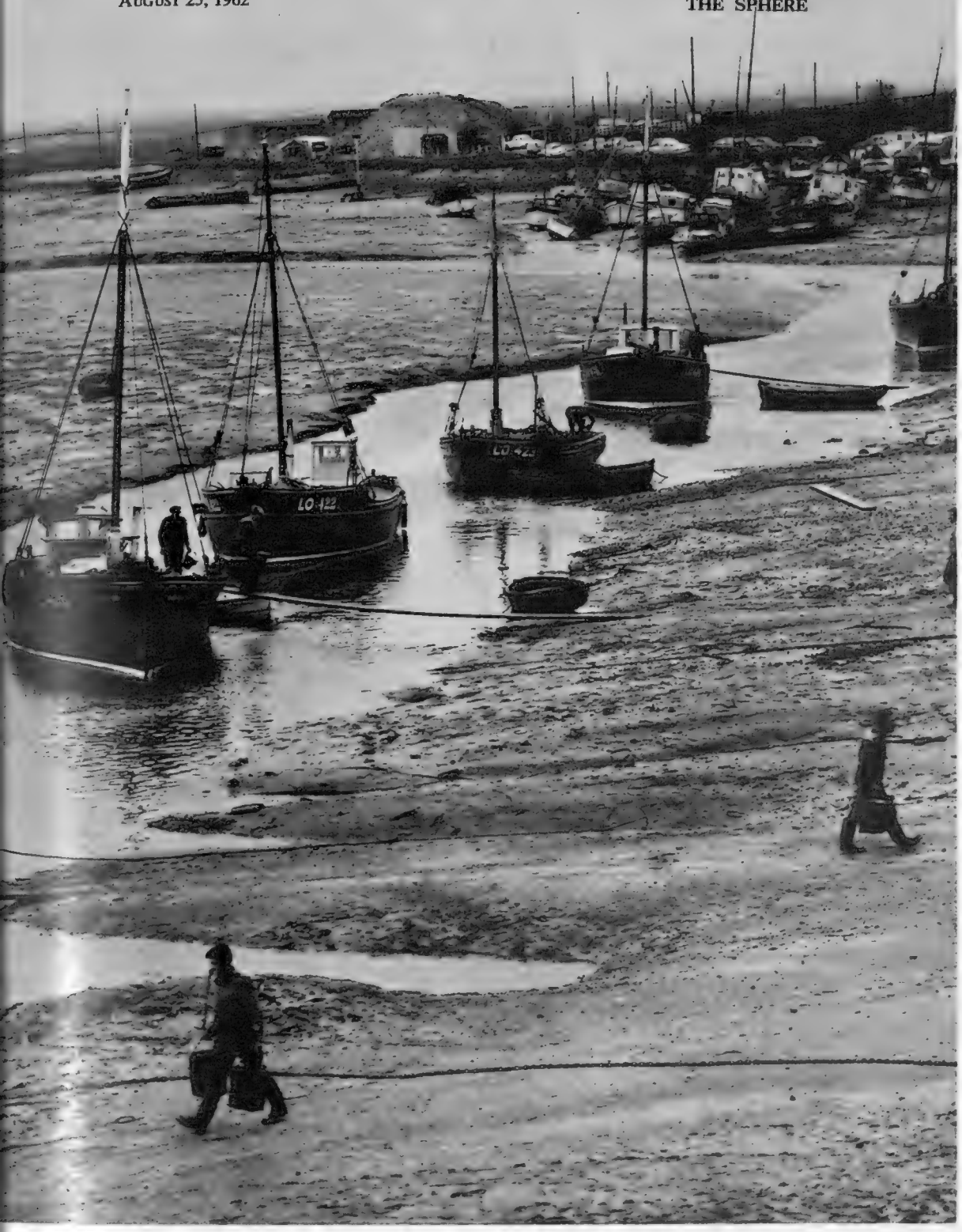
"RIBBONS AND GARTERS." It was a chance view of the Garter procession in Windsor Castle this summer and the bowed figure of one knight who in younger days "had devoted himself to the task of changing our society," that suggested to Mr. Priestley an idea for a (perhaps silly season) article in the *New Statesman* under the above caption. He catalogued the multiplicity of titles and orders, stars and ribbons, that are the perquisite and glory of "elderly British males" who have given some service to the Establishment (and sometimes attain their honours without very strict inquiry into their private lives). Any British Government (he argues, as I sometimes do) that keeps this order-and-ribbon-and-title business going today—even enlarging it—is busy contradicting itself and asking for defeat. But half the nation still, I fancy, is more interested in circuses than in salesmanship and "the out-witting of a crafty rabble of West Germans, French and Italians with not a title or decent ribbon among them." That is not quite true, of course, though most countries but ours keep their old titles and orders out of public life, or have never shown any desire to possess them, or, at any rate, avoid such a multiplicity of coloured ribbons. The time has surely come gradually to abate this ribbon-and-title business and to leave it to the Fountain of Honour to reward the very few really notable men and women thrown up in a generation. I doubt if the Monarchy, or any administration we may have, would suffer from such a self-denying ordinance. Certainly Mr. Macmillan in this trifling matter has "been busy contradicting himself." For if democracy means anything, it should be *seen* to be done. Britain, as Lord Hailsham has said, is a twentieth-century nation handicapped by nineteenth-century ideas. Museum pieces neither disguise our present temporary decline nor help us to overcome it. It is, of course, a matter for gradual abatement. None can desire to sweep away with one violent movement all our charming and colourful antiques and replace them with up-to-date trade samples. But the Garter procession should go before the Helston Furry dance, since it is certainly more "contradictory" of democracy and still possesses a flavour of privilege.

PREMIUM BOND PHILOSOPHY. When the great boom in Equities was past its peak and beginning its recession, I bought with the proceeds of a redemption quite a big parcel (for me) of Premium Bonds. Time passes and still "Uncle Ernie" has nothing from his bran-pie for me. I incline to cut my losses. If I do, of course, Ernie will hear of it and pop out a £5,000 prize to the chap who takes them over. Ernie is that sort of practical joker. It is absolutely essential to forget one's serial numbers before one parts with Premium Bonds. If one can do that, the disposal of them after many months of hopes deferred can be viewed more philosophically: How much capital loss should I have suffered, if, instead of Premium Bonds, I had invested in one of those recently popular equities? Some of the surest counters strongly recommended by my brokers at that time, dropped in a few weeks by nearly 50 per cent. in value. I fancy that (if I can forget those serial numbers) by

Digging up cockles in the sand-flats in the Thames Estuary off Leigh-on-Sea

## COCKLERS OF ESSEX

Cockling in the Thames Estuary is ruled by the tides, for it can only be done when the sand-flats have been uncovered by the water going down. The cockle fishers go out from Leigh-on-Sea in powerful flat-bottomed boats and anchor above the sands waiting for the tide to recede. As soon as the boats are "beached" the cocklers go to work, digging out the shellfish, filling their baskets with them and tipping them into the holds of the boats. When the tide comes up again the boats return to shore where the cockles are unloaded, sieved, cleaned and steamed.



On the return to land the cockles are carried ashore in baskets

The baskets are carried on a yoke

Sieving and steaming the cockles

selling, I can congratulate myself on having saved £50 of capital out of every £100 invested, and lost an annual income of about £3 net on the same.

THE LUNATIC FRINGE. Holiday road deaths have been truly appalling. The figures might well persuade all individuals and bodies actively concerned to abate this horror to abandon hope and fold their hands in resignation and despair. Of course, we don't make enough allowance for those accidents for which no one is to blame save the victim. When a young child jumps into the road and is crushed under the wheels of a car travelling at 30 m.p.h. along a clear, straight road, or a deaf man swerves to his right when walking along a by-road, their deaths are added to the day's toll (and these pure chance accidents can take a dozen forms). The August holiday figures must be scrupulously examined and broken down into categories before a fair estimate of progress or recession can be made. We can accept it that a " lunatic fringe "—the people whose dates are so important (to themselves) that way *must* be made for them, the people who do not know the meaning of discipline or fair play—cause a big percentage of avoidable accidents and it is very important to discover what percentage of car and lorry drivers they represent. The road and safety organisations consider that a majority of drivers drive decently and are improving in road-code technique, and are perhaps beginning to accept it that travel by road is dangerous and needs constant vigilance by the driver. The lunatic fringe, however, is not confined to the selfish and the impatient. It includes the hopeful, the easy-minded, who still consider that taking out and over-loading at the week-end a more or less home-made car or one with canvas tyres and brakes tied up with string, is a " piece of cake." A classification of all those holiday accidents should give some idea of the size of the lunatic fringe and help Mr. Marples and company to assess more exactly the problem whose solution seems forever to elude them. It is no use condemning all who drive cars and lorries as part of the lunatic fringe. That is as foolish as the generalisation which condemns our nation as being too lapped in selfishness and luxury to realise that we are set on earth to toil. The percentage of wheat to chaff is all-important in any campaign to increase our national efficiency. It is all-important to ascertain the strength of your enemy in the field before you make plans to envelop him or directly assault him.

SIX MONTHS IN PRINCE PHILIP'S LIFE. The Duke of Edinburgh can fairly be said to " live twenty-four hours a day." He has discovered the secret of perpetual motion. There have been in our history so very few Prince Consorts and only one of them was " busy " and he in a static or sedentary way. But Prince Philip can challenge comparison with any dynamic live-wire in any walk of life in our history. It would be extraordinarily interesting if we could study his hour-to-hour, day-by-day, engagements during the last six months, compiled in detail by one of his staff. It would open our eyes to what science today makes possible for a restless, energetic and experience-seeking man. This six-month diary would catalogue in detail the mileage he has covered over the world's face, the means of transport he has used to fit in engagements arranged for every day whether on State business or for personal interest in scientific projects, youth movements or sports of many kinds. I fancy it would show that " hours of idleness " represented but a fraction of 1 per cent. His sporting fixtures during Cowes week alone could only have been carried out on a magic carpet. Royal consorts of major or minor importance have usually soon succumbed to a more lotus-eating existence in court life. In his role as Consort, Prince Philip never fails to support the Queen in ceremonial duties, but it is very clear that he is an Odysseus, and his Odyssey a non-stop voyage over land and sea in search of knowledge and new experiences and individual freedom of action.

THE OLD STAGER

Lolita herself (Sue Lyon). **Right:** Humbert (James Mason), left, catches up with Quilty (Peter Sellers)

## ENTERTAINMENT

# LOLITA

### *at the Columbia from September 6*

One of the most talked-about films ever made in the cinema's, at times, stormy history, *Lolita*, scripted from Vladimir Nabokov's novel by the author, has already been drawing huge crowds in the U.S. and in Europe. In this country it has been given an "X" certificate. The film is directed and produced by the team of Stanley Kubrick and James B. Harris. On the strength of only a handful of films—including *Paths of Glory* and *Spartacus*—Kubrick has been recognised as one of the most exciting and adventurous of young American film directors. Judging by advance reports from America, *Lolita* may well further enhance his reputation. Audiences will have to decide for themselves whether in adapting the book to the screen the point of the story of innocence and corruption has been lost. In the film, the book's last scene comes first. It opens with the macabre and eerily comic encounter when Humbert finally catches up with, and shoots, Quilty, the villain who stole Lolita away from him. After this the film plunges into the story and travels of Humbert and Lolita.

On set are the director, Stanley Kubrick, and James Mason

Lolita the nymphet and Humbert

Humbert and Lolita's mother, Charlotte (Shelley Winters)

A high point of the film is Peter Sellers' performance as Quilty

# THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

## WEST INDIES

*On August 6 Jamaica became an independent nation; on August 31 Trinidad will become one. To coincide with these events the Royal Commonwealth Society chose as the theme of its four-day summer school at Worcester College, Oxford, "The Commonwealth in the Caribbean." "The Voice of the Commonwealth" carries a report of this important and topical conference, and also considers a new book by Mr. V. S. Naipaul, a Trinidadian, in the context of West Indian independence. (For articles on the political and economic aspects of West Indian independence, see "The Sphere" of July 14.)*

The lectures at the Royal Commonwealth Society Summer School, which was held at Worcester College, Oxford, from July 27-31, dealt with a wide range of subjects concerning the West Indies—history, the present political and economic situations, migration, Canadian and American interests in the Caribbean, and various aspects of the arts in the area.

Mr. D. K. Fieldhouse, Beit lecturer in the History of the British Commonwealth at Oxford University, gave a comprehensive and balanced survey of the history of the growth of British colonisation in the area, dependent on the sugar trade, which was in turn dependent on a regular supply of slaves from Africa. The golden age of plantation profit was in the eighteenth century:

> There can be no doubt that, in the eyes of the British at the time, the West Indian planter was the equivalent of the modern industrial or stockbroking millionaire. His wealth was probably the most conspicuous in Britain in an age that believed in making its expenditure obvious to all.

He stressed the political influence of the planters lobby at Westminster, which "at least until after the Napoleonic Wars . . . was strong enough to block any measures—including for a long time the abolition of the slave trade—which seemed contrary to their best interests."

All three pillars on which West Indian prosperity had rested in the eighteenth century were destroyed in the first half of the nineteenth. These were the supply of slaves, the price of sugar, and the preference sugar had in the British market. The influence of the second two factors on the first is a subject for historical argument. Mr. Fieldhouse contested the view put forward in Dr. Eric Williams's book *Capitalism and Slavery* that emancipation in 1833 was not an act of humanitarian enlightenment, but one of cynical disillusionment—"that the British only ended slavery when the islands were already on the decline economically and when it no longer seemed important to the British economy that they should supply her with large quantities of sugar." Mr. Fieldhouse argued that the Act of 1833 was directly contrary to many established British interests, and that it was genuine humanitarianism which brought it about.

After dealing with the severe economic problems of the nineteenth century, and the period of Crown Colony government, when the societies had to be built up on new foundations, he concluded by saying:

> If any moral emerges from what I have been saying, it is that the British, who created the problems of their West Indian possessions for their own advantage, have an obligation to help them to solve their very pressing difficulties. The profits of sugar helped to build the industrial strength of Britain; the debt remains to be paid.

Speaking on "The Political Scene," Mr. O. R. Marshall, Professor of Law and Dean of the Faculty of Law, Sheffield University, covered the break-up of the recently deceased Federation of the West Indies and the prospects for the future. He described the gradual forming of the Federation as a "history of procrastination," in some respects "the penalty of being good boys." The procrastination was also a consequence of an unduly long period of dependence. "There comes a time in such a situation when they regard dependence as a sort of natural state, and when the responsibility of standing on their own feet is there before them they are reluctant to grasp it." This was the situation when the Federation finally came into being in 1958.

Mr. Marshall considered that insufficient authority was given by Britain to the Federal Government in the first place; and also it had no strong economic powers. There was no Federal income tax, no customs duty, no internal free trade. So there was needless economic duplication, as when Jamaica proposed to set up an oil refinery when Trinidad already had one. The powers given to Jamaica at the 1961 Conference to veto any rights of the Federal Government to legislate on tax and economic matters increased the weakness at the centre.

Moreover, the restriction on freedom of movement, though understandable, meant the Federation gave no additional rights to the people of the small islands. "I personally think that a federation of that sort was not worth the paper it was written on, and anyone who mourns its passing is living in a land of dreams," he said.

After touching on the Immigration Act—a "brutal piece of legislation," but one which "will convince the West Indian people that they have just been deluding themselves for centuries that Britain was their mother country"—he concluded by considering the future of the Little Eight. Here he feared the opportunities for delay. He was likewise pessimistic about the future of the University College of the West Indies, which was already showing tendencies to fragment.

Dr. R. B. Davison, Lecturer in the Faculty of Social Studies at the University College of the West Indies, and Adviser on Industrial Relations to the West Indies Commission, spoke on the subject of Migration and the Population Explosion. After explaining the great increase in emigration from the West Indies to Britain in the years since the war (it was partly West Indian servicemen spreading the knowledge, mainly the fact that other outlets became closed), he considered the relative advantages and disadvantages to Britain of the influx. While it created social problems, there have undoubtedly been economic advantages. One reason for the economic success of West Germany since the war, he said, was the availability of a large labour market of refugees from Eastern Europe. In Britain this labour market has been supplied by Commonwealth immigrants.

Considering the effect on the islands, he mentioned that the skilled men tended to lead the migrants, which meant that sometimes one could not find craftsmen to build a factory, which in turn inhibited the development of industry. On the Immigration Act, he commented that if Britain was going to try to expand her economy with the aid of "Neddy" and "Nicky," it would re-create a labour shortage, such as there already is in Europe, which would increase inflationary pressures.

Mr. Shenfield, Economic Director of the Federation of British Industries, dealt with the economic problems of the area in greater detail, Mr. Derk Kinnane with "America's Interest and Disinterest in the Caribbean," and Mrs. Graham Spry with Canada's connections. Mr. Ron Moody, a sculptor from Jamaica, spoke about visual arts in the Caribbean, and Mr. Barry Reckord, a playwright from Jamaica, covered West Indian literature and dancing. Both stressed that the birth of Caribbean culture as we know it coincided with the political ferment of the late '30's and early '40's.

Sir Learie Constantine, the first High Commissioner in London of Trinidad and Tobago, which becomes independent on Friday, August 31. Sir Learie, in his day one of the most famous of West Indian cricketers, took up his duties at the Trinidad High Commission in London last week

### *Literature and politics in the Caribbean—the psychology of independence*

Many explanations have been offered for the migration of writers to London from the Caribbean in the years since the war. One obvious reason is that they have found it impossible to write in an atmosphere of Britain-centred provincialism intensified by the self-contempt left from the days of slavery. V. S. Naipaul, in THE MIDDLE PASSAGE (André Deutsch. 25s.), a searching, obsessive account of a recent journey through five Caribbean countries, provides, towards the end, an illustration of how the will to write dries up:

> "In Jamaica my diary entries grew shorter and shorter and then stopped altogether. There was nothing new to record. Every day I saw the same things—unemployment, ugliness, over-population, race—and every day I heard the same circular arguments. The young intellectuals, whose gifts had been developed to enrich a developing, stable society, talked and talked and became frenzied in their frustration. . . . The pressures in Jamaica were not simply those of race or those of poverty. They were the accumulated pressures of the slave society. . . ."

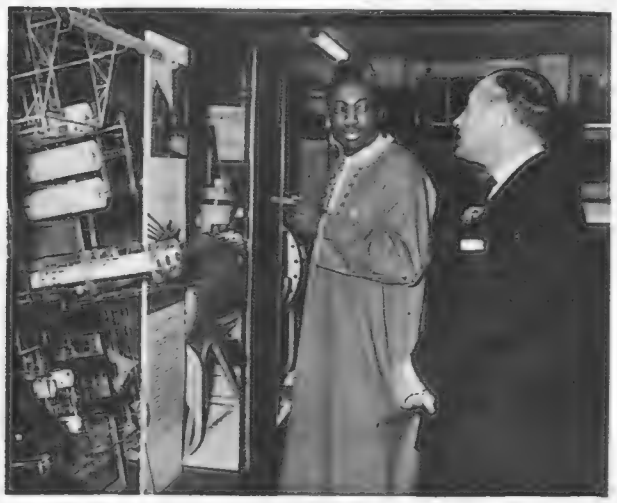
The most concentrated piece of analytic writing in this acutely observed, stimulating book is the chapter on Mr. Naipaul's native Trinidad. Elsewhere he is a visitor and sustains a narrative giving full play to his talents as

# WEALTH

*The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"*

A party of M.P.s from Sierra Leone visit the Tropical Products Institute in London. From left are Mr. B. S. Massaquoi, M.P. for Kenema Town; Mr. M. Kpaka, M.P. for Pujehun East; Mr. A. H. Kabia, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of External Affairs, with Dr. Cornelius and Dr. Raymond of the Institute

Dr. Okechukwu Ikejiani, Chairman of the Nigerian Railway Corporation, meets his British opposite number, Dr. Beeching, Chairman of the British Transport Commission, in London



The High Commissioner in London for the Federation of Nigeria, Alhaji Abdulmaliki, talks to Mr. S. R. Chetwynd, Joint General Manager of Whessoe Engineering Limited

a novelist. (For example, in his description of his stay with the Jagans in British Guiana one is made suddenly aware of politicians as human beings: this is the novelist at work.) But in Trinidad he is returning to the scene of his childhood, feeling all his old fear of a place where, he says, he never wanted to stay.

> "It was a place where the stories were never stories of success but of failure; brilliant men, scholarship winners, who had died young, gone mad or taken to drink; cricketers of promise whose careers had been ruined by disagreements with the authorities. It was also a place where a recurring word of abuse was "conceited," an expression of the resentment felt of anyone who possessed unusual skills. . . . And such people had to be cut down to size. . . ."

Its faults, he says, sprang from its past as a colonial appendage producing nothing of value save raw materials. "A colonial society never required efficiency, never required quality, and these things, because unrequired, became undesirable."

Trinidadian writer V. S. Naipaul

"Trinidad has always admired the 'sharp character' who, like the sixteenth-century picaroon of Spanish literature, survives and triumphs by his wits in a place where it is felt that all eminence is arrived at by crookedness," he writes. Yet on returning, he has feelings of nostalgia towards "the picaroon society." To condemn it out of hand, he says, is to ignore its natural sophistication, its "tolerance for every human activity and affection for every demonstration of wit and style." So, though he himself left it, he seems to lament its passing before a new efficiency and "all the apparatus of the modern society for joylessness."

*The Middle Passage* was written at the suggestion of Dr. Eric Williams, the Prime Minister of Trinidad; and the journey was financed by the Trinidad and Tobago Government. The author stresses that it is "in no way an official book." It is a tribute to Dr. Williams and his government that they were prepared to do this, for there is much that is, by implication, harshly critical of Trinidad. However, one suspects that the views of Mr. Naipaul and Dr. Williams on the effects of colonialism are not dissimilar. One of the Trinidad Premier's main themes is that of national self-respect. In *The Pleasures of Exile*, the West Indian writer George Lamming describes the experimental "University of Woodford Square" in Port of Spain. Here Dr. Williams periodically delivers public lectures in the open air on the banks of Dry River to "vast numbers of men and women who crowd to hear a few facts about the circumstances of their lives, both now and in the past."

This is the psychological importance of the independence which comes to Trinidad next week. This is why Williams encouraged Naipaul's book, and why Lamming supports Williams with an enthusiasm rarely found for politicians among writers. This is what was behind the warning Dr. Williams made at Piarco Airport on his return from Europe in July:

> "Britain is not going to help you. I don't say it bitterly, I don't say it with passion. . . . Start off your independence understanding Britain is not going to help you. They have no interest in the West Indies whatsoever, they have no policy to the West Indies whatsoever. You fight your battles, you shake hands with them, have a drink with them and say, 'Well, we are going our own separate ways, but we don't expect any help from you.'"

Although these remarks were probably for internal consumption, to encourage an attitude of self-reliance, they have a measure of truth. They are echoed in the pessimistic conclusion at the end of Mr. Naipaul's book—"The process of forgetting has begun. And the West Indies, preoccupied with internal squabbles, hardly know it."

There is no doubt that the search for identity preoccupies West Indian writers; Mr. Lamming went to West Africa, Mr. Naipaul is now in India. Whether this writing has an identity, and whether this is desirable is disputed. In one field it is apparent —description of peasants. "For the first time the West Indian peasant became other than a cheap source of labour. He became, through the novelist's eye, a living existence, living in silence and joy and fear, involved in riot and carnival," writes Lamming. The use of dialect helps these novels to be distinctive. It is much harder, as Mr. Naipaul says, to write about the middle class. "The most exquisite gifts of irony and perhaps malice would be required to keep the characters from slipping into an unremarkable mid-Atlantic whiteness." And the middle class is going to be increasingly evident in the West Indies.

It is worth noting here that Mr. Barry Reckord, the Jamaican playwright, asked the Royal Commonwealth Society's Summer School to discuss whether there was a peculiar quality that could be achieved in West Indian writing, or whether "this whole business of nationalism, almost of chauvinism in literature, is nonsense." The best perspective was placed on this issue by Mr. Henry Swanzy, who at one time produced the B.B.C. programme "Caribbean Voices." In 1960 he wrote that the dilemma of the exiled writer was a frustration of "the desire to have a fruitful dialogue with one's own people, to extend their vision of life, and consequently the artist's."

Meanwhile the writers, for the most part, still live and publish in Britain. This gives us the advantage of Mr. Selvon's brilliant and funny stories of immigrant life in London. But even these have an underlying melancholy. In *Lonely Londoners* one of the characters broods by the Thames:

"Under the kiff-kiff laughter, behind the ballad and the episode, the what-happening, the summer-is-hearts, he could see a great aimlessness, a great restless swaying movement that leaving you standing on the same spot. As if a forlorn shadow of doom fall on all the spades in the country."

**M. K. Whiteman**

# DOWN FROM THE DOME

On the floor, far below the central dome of the Capitol in Washington, film technicians set up their cameras and sound equipment preparatory to shooting a scene. At the same time, one of the company's cameramen seizes the opportunity to take this rare picture many feet above them. The iron dome of the Capitol rises to a height over 280 ft., supported on numerous Corinthian columns. It was not originally part of the Capitol, built on its commanding position above the Potomac in the years 1793 to 1827. During this period, the British in the war of 1812 set fire to the building, and the resulting blaze destroyed both wings. In 1851 the extension wings for the Senate and House were started and during this period the iron dome was added. The Capitol, the seat of American Government, is the setting for a new film shortly to be seen in London, during the shooting of which this photograph was taken. The film is Otto Preminger's version for Columbia of *Advise and Consent*, from Allen Drury's Pulitzer prize-winning novel of the hidden pressures and intrigues accompanying the attempt of an ailing President to secure the appointment of his nominee as Secretary of State. Made with a very strong cast, including Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Don Murray, Peter Lawford and Walter Pidgeon, the film is a long, absorbing and graphic portrait of the corridors of power. It starts its run at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on September 13.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

# THE MYSTIC NATURALIST

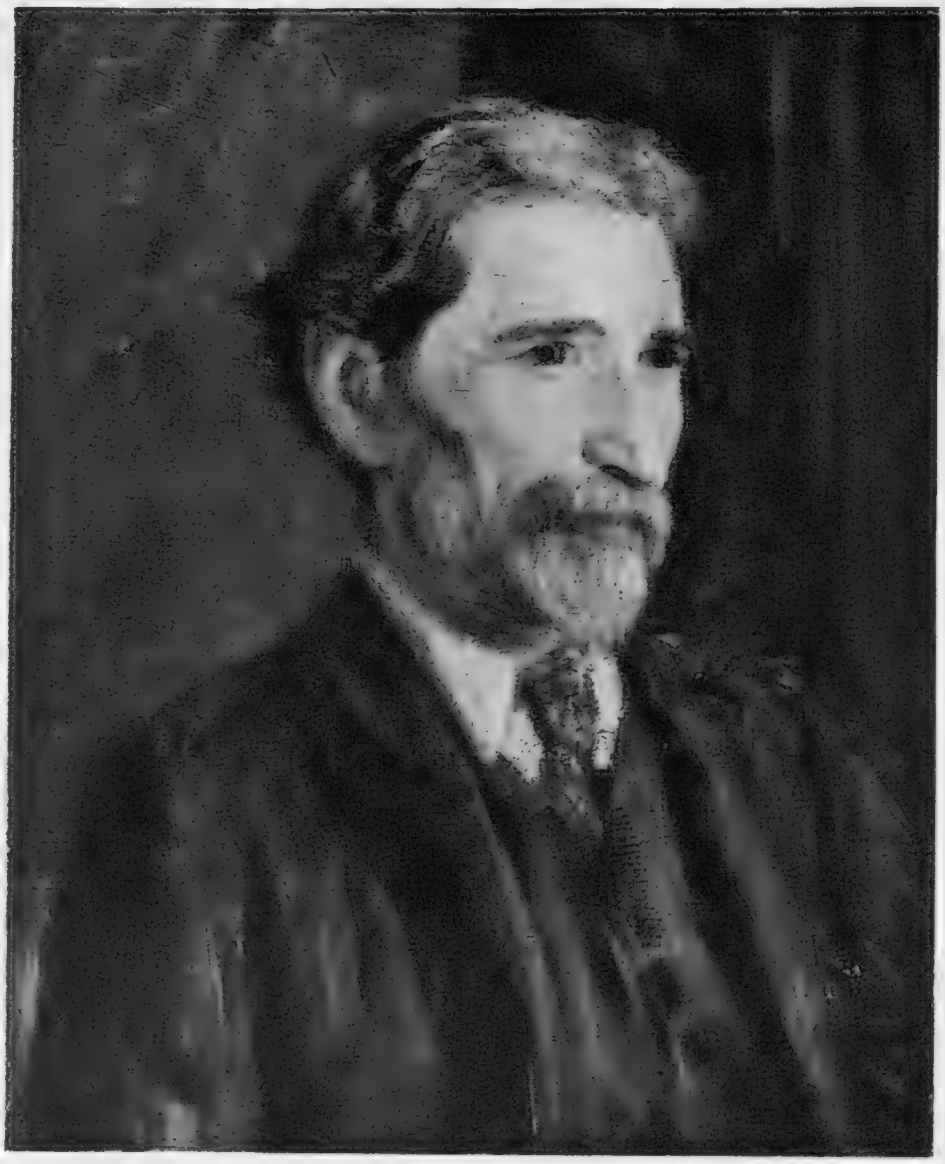
" Few men have left a monument more permanent than Hudson left in his books," wrote Cunninghame Graham. W. H. Hudson died forty years ago this month. Who reads him now?

Certainly few, and maybe none, of modern naturalists; taking " modern " to mean those born after the First World War. I have met thirty-year-olds with a deep interest in natural history who have not so much as heard of him. But this, of course, has nothing whatever to do with his merit as a writer. H. J. Massingham wrote:

> The school of modern ornithology and natural history acknowledges no debt to Hudson; its highly specialised activities would, indeed, have been abhorrent to a naturalist who wrote, " To specialise is to lose your soul." Its prophets and teachers have been Edmund Selous, Eliot Howard, the measurers, the census-takers and the biologists, not Hudson.

That is true. Hudson's approach to natural history is as out of date as the penny-farthing bicycle.

Not, mind you, that he was not a good naturalist. He was a great field naturalist and in his writings you will find original observations on English wild life which are of permanent value: for example, his account of the Dartford warbler in *Birds and Man*, of the great green grasshopper in *Hampshire Days*, of the behaviour of sheepdogs in *A Shepherd's Life*. He was the least specialised of men. His essays reveal an extraordinary variety. Birds and beasts (wild and domestic), insects and plants, reptiles, man: all came alike to him. He was interested in all life: observed everything.



*By Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery*

A portrait of W. H. Hudson (1841-1922) by Sir William Rothenstein

Yet that word " observe " is misleading when used in connection with Hudson. An " observer " suggests one who stands a little apart, detached. That is the approach of the scientific naturalist. It was never the approach of Hudson. He lived within nature, was part of it all. All his natural history writing is anthropomorphic, and today anthropomorphism is a cardinal sin in a naturalist. But he was not consciously anthropomorphic: he was naturally so. He put down what he saw, but what he saw became " instinct within himself, took on the significance of his own truth." As he wrote: " Heart and soul are with the brain in all investigation." For him religion, poetry, animism were one: and the whole was heightened by an intense, if often hidden, emotionalism.

In his natural history writing he is always bringing in stories, blending fact and fiction: and it is often difficult to separate the one from the other, because for him there was not always a clear dividing line between the two. He was a great, a very great, field naturalist. But, essentially, he was a primitive and a mystic, very much in tune with Rima, the spirit of nature, in his *Green Mansions*. Of course, he was, is, suspect to the scientist. Science is not concerned with the spirit.

To return to Cunninghame Graham: " Few men have left a monument more permanent than Hudson in his books." That, written shortly after his death, while he was still in the fashion, is surely too sweeping a statement. Hudson published 24 books (I have 23 of them) and, though I hate to say this, I find most of them unreadable today. Though almost every essay he wrote contains something of value, one has now to plough through too much that is dated and boring to find it. Time is a great leveller.

But to one book I can return again and again with infinite, unabated, pleasure. This is *A Shepherd's Life*; perhaps the best pastoral essay in the English language. I am not alone in this opinion, of course: the book is, I think, already accepted as a classic. I suppose that this story of Caleb Bawcombe, the old shepherd is essentially a tragic book. By the way, he really did live in the village of Martin on the Hampshire-Wiltshire border. He was not a child of Hudson's imagination. But what impresses is not the underlying tragedy, but the beauty, the sustained serenity. The emotional intensity which is apparent in much of Hudson's other work is absent. Caleb Bawcombe did not live a life of emotional intensity. Hudson, living as always within his subject, becoming part of it, had, perforce, to lose his. The result is a flawless book, quiet and complete. And yet, I do not think that this is his greatest book. That, surely, is *Far Away and Long Ago*.

I first met Hudson when I was a small boy, twelve or thirteen years old. (I did not then know who he was: my father told me that afterwards.) I remember him on that day as clearly as if I saw him now—tall and spare with a face like an eagle—because I was catching butterflies and he talked to me about butterflies; impressed me so much that I never collected another. Then, turning over a stone, he found some grubs and told me about them. I do not remember what he told me, but that was the first real natural history lesson of my life. Many years later, when he was over 80 and ill and nearing the end of his life, I met him again. When I told him my name, he remembered everything; place, weather, butterflies, grubs. It was not a conscious effort of memory. He just re-lived that day so far in the past.

And he re-lived his greatest book. *Far Away and Long Ago* is the story of his childhood on the Argentine pampas. He was born of American parents near Buenos Aires in 1841, and came to Britain over twenty-five years later. The book is a minutely detailed record: birds and animals, flowers, people, weather, light and shade and colour, all the trivial incidents, the small adventures, everything is there. Now, this book was written in a shabby London boarding-house when he was 76 and some fifty years after he had left South America.

But it is not the book of an old man remembering his childhood; not a book of memories coloured, and falsified, by years of experience. It is not a conscious effort of memory. Hudson is not remembering his childhood, he is re-living it. It is a book of immediacy with the child writing, not the man. It is a quite astonishing example of re-animation. When you think of it, it is a remarkable feat for a lonely old man to accomplish.

For Hudson there was no past. He was never detached from life. All is present. *A Shepherd's Life* is not the life of Caleb Bawcombe written by William Henry Hudson. It is Caleb Bawcombe speaking through Hudson. There was about Hudson a mediumistic quality, apparent in these two books, which alone of his writings will form his permanent memorial.

*Angelique*, winner of the handicap race for yachts of 26 to 30 ft., on the first day of Cowes Week

Competitors, with their spinnakers set, round the South Bramble Buoy at Cowes

## GABOR DENES

# YACHTING

Cowes Week has once more lived up to its reputation of providing a good variety of weather conditions. Although the days of blistering sunshine with long, flat calms were missing this year, the climax of the gale and cancellation of racing on the second Saturday materialised true to form. After ideal weather on the first two days, with lots of sun and fleecy cloud, illusions were rudely shattered by the wild conditions on Bank Holiday Monday. The rest of the week, on the whole, was only comparatively moderate. By Saturday, no one was sorry to see the negative signals flying. Most of the crews—tired, bruised and battered—welcomed a day of rest.

Conditions were difficult and very gusty on Friday, when Prince Philip had his much-publicised mishap in *Coweslip*, in the company of Uffa Fox. It was not really a capsize, as most of the popular newspapers chose to describe the incident, for a boat of this type cannot be capsized in the same way as a dinghy can.

A Flying Fifteen, as we all know, has a fixed, weighted fin keel (this can be detached, if need be, for transport by road), which provides a much greater righting moment than the centreboard of a dinghy. I did not see the incident myself, but one can safely assume that what really happened could be described as a "knock-down." We gathered that *Coweslip* had to go about unexpectedly, and presumably a sudden strong gust hit her sail while she was supposed to be head to wind, with relatively less control for the time being. Should the mainsheet have been cleated, or caught or jammed for any reason, a powerful gust would have laid the boat over, but certainly not capsized her.

Whatever was said by news-flashes from Cowes, the Duke and his crew were never, in fact, then in any danger. (This was much more the case when, subsequently, the derrick pulled out of the wall, but that is another matter entirely.) Flying Fifteens carry sufficient buoyancy to enable the boat to support its crew when completely filled with water. However, this episode made the headlines and was noticed much more than Prince Philip's success in sailing *Bloodhound* for the first time. This was some achievement, even though *Bloodhound* found the weather much to her liking.

This year's Tall Ships Race, which was started from Torbay during the end of Cowes Week, attracted surprisingly little publicity in the Press. The lack of interest proved a great mistake, for it was clearly evident to all of us on the spot in Torbay that the idea of "tall ships" has a much greater appeal to members of the public than other more usual forms of sailing. Many tens of thousands flocked to see the ships in the bay, and even more would have enjoyed the scene at the start had stormy seas and poor visibility not marred the beauty of that day.

Few things today exist with more romance attached to them than the few remaining square-riggers. The fact that we as a great seafaring nation are not able to put such a ship into a race rankles with us all. That is why the appeal launched by the Sail Training Association for funds to build a topsail schooner at the cost of £300,000 should find a great response. It occurs to me that it might be even easier to collect ten times that amount were it for a square-rigger. But as Captain Illingworth said at the dinner given by Mr. Hugh Goodson for the S.T.A., Ambassadors and captains of ships, on the eve of the race at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay: "The main thing is to get our young people to sail!"

**TRAVEL**

# SEEKING THE SUNNY SPOTS

By **GORDON COOPER**

## WINTER CRUISING

If you want to get away from the worry and work of a British winter, to relax completely in warm sunshine and revel in superb service and fantastic meals, give yourself a real treat and take a ship-cruise to the sun. You can either decide on an organised cruise, or a trip on a scheduled service to distant ports taking, for example, from three to ten weeks for the round voyage from this country.

In past years when discussing winter cruising I have emphasised the need for early reservations. Nowadays, however, the position has eased considerably and there are many more opportunities offering for a holiday afloat. I do suggest that you book as soon as possible, for remember that many people from foreign countries are also competing to go to far-away places by ship. I also strongly advise you to consult a specialist travel agent, for he can suggest a much wider range of tours than I can hope to deal with here. They can tell you, too, about voyages on freighters—perhaps the most satisfying form of relaxation. Many of these ships provide a high degree of comfort, the only snag being that they do not necessarily stick to fixed schedules.

I start with organised cruises to the West Indies. Once again, I can recommend the special pleasure voyages by the French Line—five in number during January to March, 1963—each of four weeks' duration and visiting ten countries. The two ships used, the *Flandre* and the *Antilles*, are both luxury liners and have a renowned reputation for superb cuisine. The possible monotony of a long journey is broken by almost daily calls at various colourful ports-of-call, where time allows for a day's excursion in each case. These ports-of-call include Vigo (Spain), San Juan (Porto Rico), Pointe à Pitre (Guadeloupe), Fort de France (Martinique), Bridgetown (Barbados), Port of Spain (Trinidad), La Guaira (Venezuela), Willemstad (Curaçao), Kingston (Jamaica), and Lisbon (Portugal).

Cunard have only winter cruises to the Caribbean starting from New York but it is possible to take a one way ticket from Britain on the *Caronia* (Jan. 5) or the *Carinthia* (Jan. 25) to certain islands, returning either by ship from New York or by Cunard-Eagle.

Australia, South America, Asia and Africa can all be visited on a round trip, while if you have the time (120-140 days) there are several opportunities for sailing round the world. A travel agent is best consulted for the choice of services.

For a world-wide freighter voyage in one vessel, there are monthly departures by 10,000-ton 12-passenger Dutch freighters having air-conditioned accommodation. Many of the ports visited on the itinerary are right off the beaten track; they call also in Thailand, Philippines, Malaya, Aden and Suez. Particulars from Informal Travels.

Shorter voyages offered by this same travel agent include those by British and Dutch freighters to the Far East, the return journey being made by alternate routes. Another suggestion is the new German freighters going to the Windward Islands, returning to the U.K. in about twenty-five days. Fares in 1-2 bed cabins with private shower are £180 each person. Then, for those who wish a still shorter voyage, I can recommend regular sailings on Spanish merchant liners to the Canaries—the "Islands of Eternal Spring"—the inclusive cost (with accommodation in excellent hotels in Las Palmas or Tenerife) being from 77 guineas. The departure port is London. There are similar opportunities to travel by a 100-passenger vessel from London via Dublin at similar cost, but early application is essential. It is usually possible to arrange for a stop-over on these islands.

There are many lines offering return journeys to Australia and New Zealand, the approximate duration each way being from twenty-three days (P. & O.-Orient), and you can travel either via Suez or by the Cape. Round Africa offers great appeal, and the *Kenya Castle* (Union-Castle) will leave London on January 2, proceeding via Mediterranean ports to East African ports and Durban and Cape Town, returning via the West Coast and Las Palmas. The duration of this voyage is sixty-three days. The fare from £306, cabin class. Incidentally, it is also of interest to mention special fares which sometimes operate by Union-Castle to South Africa. On the new hotel-class ship *Transvaal Castle* good accommodation can be obtained from £258.

It is summer in South America when it is winter in Britain. There are regular sailings to the West Coast by P.S.N. Lines, while Royal Mail Lines serve the East Coast. You can even arrange a combination trip, going out one way, crossing the Andes by rail, and returning from the other side of the Continent. Then there are round cruises, giving short shore holidays in Montevideo and Buenos Aires, but hotel expenses are not included in the fare. Once again I draw your attention to the monthly voyages by the Booth Line, which take you up the River Amazon as far as Belem.

An attractively planned sea cruise is by the *Athinae* (Typaldos Line) from Venice on December 22, returning on January 5. The itinerary to the Eastern Mediterranean is to Greece mainland and islands (including Delos and Rhodes), to Antalya on the Turkish Riviera (see *The Sphere* for June 2, 1962 for detailed description of this fascinating district), to Cyprus, Beirut and Haifa, with an optional excursion through Lebanon to Syria, Amman and Jerusalem in Jordan. Holland America offer a world cruise (80 days) costing from £950, also a 13-day cruise on December 29 from Southampton with calls at various Atlantic ports.

I have only space to make mere mention of round voyages to Mexico to Hong Kong and Japan by the *Chusan* (P. & O.-Orient), leaving London on December 19, returning on February 25, 1963; and to West Africa by the Elder Dempster Lines. Then there are the Bergen and Greek Line, those old hands on the Madeira and Canaries route.

Your choice is, indeed, wide and varied. As England and winter greyness fall farther and farther behind you, you will surely feel that the blue sky and warm sun is ample reward.

The P. & O.-Orient passenger liner *Iberia* in Hong Kong. She will call there again in her autumn round voyage in the Pacific from Sydney. The *Chusan* will also visit Hong Kong

Loading and unloading bananas at the quayside in the harbour of Mombasa, the principal port on the Kenya coast, visited on Round Africa voyages of the Union Castle line

## TO THE LANDS OF WINTER SUNSHINE

Although I am constantly flying to this or that place, often far afield, I find I always retain an almost childish wonder at the marvels of flight. Every day some new distant goal is brought within easy reach of London: to Mauritius, for instance, by B.O.A.C.—a journey I hope to make myself early in 1963—or to Ouagadougou and Bobodioulasso (both in former French West Africa), by Air France. For this reason, my suggestions for winter holidays in the sun will extend far beyond the bounds of Europe.

At the same time, there may well be some readers who do not wish to go too far afield. Alas, in Europe, sun-worshippers have a restricted choice: Menton, Cannes and Nice on the Côte d'Azur (and even then you may have a gamble with the sun), Bordighera and Nervi on the Ligurian coast, Taormina, Syracuse and Palermo in Sicily, Ravello on the Sorrentine Peninsula. In Spain, Alicante and Malaga are the most certain sun-spots, although last winter I enjoyed wonderful weather at the Hostal de la Gavina (S'Agaro, Costa Brava), and then there is Majorca, even though I can never rid my mind of the rain experienced there by Chopin and Georges Sand during their sojourn. Again there is Greece, where the enchanting island of Rhodes can be recommended; it has a wide range of hotels for visitors.

Most reliable of all perhaps, is the Portuguese Algarve, where the hours of sunshine are December (176), January (135), February (160) and March (197), and where you can bathe comfortably in the sea all the year round. The six resorts, from east to west, are Monte Gordo, Albufeira, Armacao de Pera, Praia da Rocha (the oldest resort), Lagos and Sagres. Good hotels exist in most of these places, while in 1963 there will be an air link between Lisbon and Faro, halfway along the coast; but in the meantime there is a good train service (six hours), including a night train. Farther afield, but with certainty of winter sunshine, are Egypt, Lebanon, Jordan and Israel (for Holy Land enthusiasts and archæologists). In the last-named there is much of interest to see, and for a restful stay I recommend the seaside resort of Herzlia (near Tel Aviv) and Tiberias (Lake of Galilee), where the excellent Hotel Galei Kinnereth once received a *Sphere* Hotel " Oscar." Beirut in Lebanon will appeal to those who like some gaiety, while there is also its first-class casino.

Today Africa has become an increasingly popular continent for a holiday. Very shortly there is being introduced on the market ten all-inclusive tours under the banner of " Impala Holidays." The tourist boards of East Africa, Rhodesia and South Africa are backing the scheme, with the full collaboration of various air companies. For £235 you can fly, for instance, to Rhodesia, including visits to Kariba Dam, Victoria Falls, and the lovely Inyanga Mountains—sixteen days in all. A 24-day tour, costing from £326, takes you to East Africa, with visits to Nairobi, Arusha (Tanganyika), game viewing on the fantastic Serengeti Plains and in the Ngorongoro Crater, and a drive halfway up Mount Kilimanjaro; Mombasa, a deep-sea fishing holiday at Malindi, the Murchison Falls, and three days big game viewing in Uganda, combine to provide a holiday that can be regarded as unique. For those who hanker for a shooting, fishing and photographic safari, a programme has been arranged by the Uganda Wildlife Development, particulars of which can be obtained from Rankin, Kuhn and Co., Ltd. Incidentally, Uganda is a most delightful country in which to dawdle, for there is an excellent range of comfortable hotels, including several out in the " wilds." Political events should not in any way interfere either with your safety or your enjoyment. The tourist industry, of course, can contribute much to economic prosperity. And that is generally recognised.

Distance may lend enchantment, but for those who wish to enjoy a completely different world, there are Pakistan, India and Ceylon—all within a few hours' flying range from London. Each country offers the holiday of a lifetime, with climax following on climax, yet with no

(*Continued on page 292*)

**BOOKS**

# RAZZLE-DAZZLE TEXAS

*Survey of the people of the most exuberant American state; the Paris Music Hall; and this week's fiction*

I read a delightful story the other day—that a new secretary answered a telephone call, heard the operator say that it was long-distance from America, agreed with her, and hung up. Well, it *is* a long way to America and still farther to the remarkable State of Texas, land of millionaires and cheerful individualists. There more murders have been committed than in any other state. There a rich man's house may contain a swimming-pool with a device which lowers the water 6 ins. as one enters it so that it won't splash. There the scale of socially acceptable fortunes is headed by the cotton millionaires, then the cattle ones and, a bad last, the oil men, and moreover a bank may be described as having " a bright-eyed, bushy-tailed attitude toward lending money."

Mr. John Bainbridge, collector of facts, examiner of theories and most lively writer, has studied contemporary life in Texas and has come up with a big and marvellously entertaining book, THE SUPER-AMERICANS (Gollancz. 30s.). In addition to filling his pages with fascinating and sometimes hair-raising detail (the book is as quotable as an anthology), Mr. Bainbridge has evidently done some serious research on his subject. He has inquired into past history and present practice, explored regions of political conduct and done a thorough job on such matters as business transactions in which the exuberant, razzle-dazzle approach to life is sometimes referred to as the " wheeler-dealer " spirit, and local language, culture and law enforcement. It is a book about people who are slightly larger than life—and like it that way. And it is most diverting reading.

M. Jacques Damase has, with commendable diligence, compiled a history of the music hall in Paris, dedicated it to Josephine Baker and filled it with a vast collection of photographs which make it practically a collector's piece for the initiated. In his foreword to LES FOLIES DU MUSIC HALL (Blond. 45s.), Mr. Noël Coward writes of the strength of personality that is an attribute of so many of these performers, from Grock to Chevalier, from Mistinguett to Edith Piaf, and some of this essence is captured in the pages both of text and pictures in this comprehensive album.

MARCEL MARCEAU, the celebrated French mime, in a characteristically expressive gesture. He is giving a short season at the Piccadilly Theatre, London

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO UNCLE JIMMY (Cassell. 18s.) is the hilarious, even Goonlike, account of the adventures of a young man whose true blue Tory relation finances a world tour for him, hoping that it will provide the material for the start of a literary career. Since the family contains a fair number of eccentric forebears there is every possibility that the traveller will survive or even create a number of odd situations, and this he most certainly does. Istanbul, the Middle East, Penang and Australia are the settings, and the characters are as odd as could be wished. Mr. D. J. Hollands, a buoyant and inventive author, appears to have had a good deal of fun with the writing of this funny tale, even to the naming of some of the personages. Pong High, keeper of a particularly hospitable guest house, is a good example.

Mr. Colin Evans' first novel is concerned with a group of National Servicemen going through naval training in a barracks and subsequently on an aircraft carrier; the whole experience being seen from the viewpoint of an anonymous, though completely involved, character. THE HEART OF STANDING (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) has a

---

# YOUNG GOEBBELS

*The early diaries of the Nazi propagandist*

Hitler will always remain fascinating, since his kind of megalomania is not only gruesome in itself but also changed history to such an extent. And to a lesser extent Fascism and neo-Fascism are fascinating, in so far as they retain a compulsive pull for people in many parts of the world. This is, as recent events show, a truism. And it is tempting to seek correlations between the present manifestations and the early days—the 1920's—of Hitler's rise to power and to wonder whether it could happen again. For this reason there is, I suppose, a topicality about the publication in an English translation of THE EARLY GOEBBELS DIARIES (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.), edited by Helmut Heiber, with an introduction by Alan Bullock.

The period covered is August 1925 to October 1926. The young Joseph Goebbels was starting work as a full-time Nazi official, not having found any other job particularly to his liking. His party was still in a state of fluidity; the philosophy of National Socialism not yet worked out and a growing breach between Hitler and his Munich associates and the Strassers in the north. Goebbels, shallow, hysterical, vain, was not even reliable in his own diaries. Events are magnified out of all proportion. Exclamation marks abound. A typical entry, more interesting than most with its macabre foresight, reads: " Yesterday with Hitler in Cologne. Cathedral, Rhine, exhibition. He knows everything, a genius. . . . In Essen he spoke to two thousand members, and defined the essence of German socialism. Such a fellow can turn the world inside out." All this is mixed with Goebbels' going on and on about his journeys to speak at meetings, his love-life, his endless pessimism about bestial man. The book ends with Goebbels appointed to the Berlin district, about to make his mark as organiser and propagandist. Goebbels may have been the most interesting of Hitler's close associates, but his diaries show little sign of it.

One spectre, which crops up again and again in German foreign politics and was used to good effect by the Nazis, was (and perhaps still is), the Eastern Menace—the countless hordes from Russia, rampaging, pillaging and raping (not necessarily in that order) through Europe. Dr. Erich Fromm, a psycho-analyst, in his book, MAY MAN PREVAIL?: Facts and Fictions of Foreign Policy (Allen and Unwin. 21s.), suggests that this image may still taint East-West relations. His thesis is that the Soviet Union is now a conservative, state-controlled, industrial managerialism, which is not revolutionary but is rather concerned to preserve law and order. To end the deadlock between East and West, compounded of mutual suspicion, Dr. Fromm suggests that the West throws all its energies into the assistance of under-developed countries so as to alter the balance of power.

To turn to a very different kind of economic-politic battlefield, Europe, the Common Market and Britain, the next book is THE EUROPEAN EXECUTIVE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.), by David Granick. Despite the recent spate of books and pamphlets about the Common Market, there is still a great lack of information about the economic and business systems of European countries. Professor Granick is an American economist at the University of Wisconsin. His able book is a valuable analysis of the management patterns of Britain, France, Belgium and Germany, and is concerned with such questions as the separation of ownership from control and the relationships between union and management. He turns up a bewildering variety. Professor Granick's book is an invaluable introduction to the processes of European management.

The rest of this week's books have no discernible common ground. First is the first volume of what promises to be a definitive study of the greatest English satirist, Dean Swift. It is by another American professor, this time Irvin Ehrenpreis of the University of Indiana. Entitled SWIFT: The Man, His Works and the Age (Methuen. 35s.), the first volume deals with Swift and his contemporaries. Full of hard-headed scholarship, the book does much to separate fact from legend and is exhaustively documented. It is well-written, but is perhaps a book for the specialist rather than the layman.

WATCHERS AT THE POND (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is by Franklin Russell, a New Zealander, now living in Canada. The subject is the cycle of a year within the universe of a pond in Ontario. Extremely knowledgeable, sensitively written and often vivid.

Finally, there is Barnaby Conrad's ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BULLFIGHTING (Michael Joseph. 50s.), lavishly illustrated and full of information. No doubt it will be snapped up by the *aficionados*.

**Jolyon Wimhurst**

force of its own, an impression of authenticity and a strong indication of a writer on his way to distinction.

If it were necessary—and I don't believe that it is—I would blow a trumpet in praise of Mr. Gerald Hanley's writing talent. He is an author capable of drama, implicit humour and tense narrative and he also understands how to hold the balance between the various resources of his imagination. His new novel, GILLIGAN'S LAST ELEPHANT (Collins. 18s.), is the seventh and the most accomplished story he has yet written: the tale of a professional hunter in East Africa towards the end of his career, with one obsession in view and the means to achieve his object at hand. To say that this is an exciting novel is to touch on only one aspect of it. The fact is that Mr. Hanley is fast becoming, or rather fast being recognised as, one of the most significant writers in the English language.

Simenon has made it clear that his long book, PEDIGREE (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) is not an autobiography but a novel, and has added that he would not even wish the label of autobiographical novel to be attached to it. His caution is understandable since the first French edition of the book provoked not a few actions; acquaintances finding in it, or reading into it, likenesses of themselves. "It is difficult nowadays," concludes M. Georges Simenon, with a certain wryness, "to give a name, a profession, an address, even a telephone number, to a character in a novel without incurring a lawsuit." But that is only the background to a rich and absorbing story of the childhood, boyhood and intense family life of a child born in Liège nearly sixty years ago, living a secret life of the imagination and yet observing with a child's unclouded intelligence the crises of adult existence within his own home circle. Even if he had never written 200-odd *romans policiers*, this book would confirm Simenon's eminent position among contemporary writers.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN (Heinemann. 21s.) is a new novel by Mr. Donald McLean: a highly dramatic story of Sydney in the 1880s and of a public house with this odd name, managed by a woman with two children, each of whom grow up into the harsh and dangerous world of gang warfare in the dockland area. There is a factual background for some of the more lurid events in a book which shocks while it convinces.

Eighteenth-century France and the American colonies in the 1770s have been chosen by Mr. Howard R. Watt as the stage for an international romance, in ALERT ALL SHIPS (Redman. 18s.), which has a generous measure of beautiful spies, dashing sailors, Ambassadors and even George Washington himself to accelerate the pace of the action and provide a lively tale of the rip-roaring species.

A QUESTION OF CHOICE (Hutchinson. 18s.), by Mrs. Prudence Andrew, is set in England of the fifteenth century, at a period when Edward IV was reigning, by courtesy of Warwick the King-maker, and when a hitherto peaceful Gloucestershire abbey could become the centre of a fierce and not only ideological battle of wills. Mrs. Andrew's re-creation of late medieval times is intelligent and discerning, but it is also more than that: a vivid evocation of a remote and often savage way of life.

The two thrillers of the week are Mr. Andrew Garve's PRISONER'S FRIEND (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.), in which the author has had the idea, original as far as I know, of making the central character a prison visitor whose concern for his convict acquaintances follows them long after their sentences are completed; and HANNO'S DOLL (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), by Miss Evelyn Piper, a rather creepy suspense story with psychological overtones.

**Vernon Fane**

The Three Kings before Mary (Christyne Lawson) and Joseph (Ronald Frazier). Behind is Archangel (Marion Williams)

The Virgin Mary

## BLACK NATIVITY

*at the Criterion Theatre*

Having won acclaim in New York and at the Spoleto Festival of Two Worlds, the Gospel singers and dancers of *Black Nativity* were given a highly enthusiastic welcome at their first night in London last week. The first part of the show is a Nativity play in which Mary and Joseph dance their roles accompanied by Gospel singers. The second part consists of electrifying singing of spirituals and Gospel songs, and is full of elation and vitality. The leading singers are Marion Williams and the Stars of Faith and Alex Bradford and The Bradford Singers.

Cyril Poges (Ronald Fraser) in *Purple Dust*

Basil Stoke (Peter Bowles) is carried home

## PURPLE DUST

*at the Mermaid Theatre*

The opening play of the Mermaid's Sean O'Casey Festival, which started last week, is *Purple Dust*, having its London prèmiere. It tells of the attempt of two Englishmen—Basil Stoke and Cyril Poges—to resurrect their ramshackle old Tudor mansion in an Irish village.

**LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY**

*Photographed by Tom Hustler*

# Norman Wates

Mr. Norman Wates, J.P., is chairman of Wates Limited, perhaps the largest family company in the British Building and Civil Engineering Industry. It was founded just after the turn of the century by his father and uncle. Norman Wates entered the business in 1926 at the age of twenty-one and was joined later by his brothers Ronald and Allan. From small local beginnings in the Croydon area, the Wates' organisation has become a major contractor on a national scale, a developer on its own account of important commercial buildings, and a builder of high quality, architect-designed houses. It also has an important subsidiary in reinforced concrete and overseas companies in the United States and Eire. It is shortly to move into a new head office, in Croydon, the fourth head office it has occupied in its history. Mr. Wates has played an active part in many building trade organisations, and is a member of the Minister of Housing and Local Government's Central Housing Advisory Committee. Earlier this year his company introduced a scheme—unique to this industry—which abolished all distinctions between its salaried employees and operatives. Mr. Norman Wates, an enthusiastic yachtsman and member of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, sails his 19-ton racer *Fedalah*, which in 1960 and 1961 won the Britannia Cup, and also in 1961 the coveted New York Yacht Club's Challenge Cup. Business frequently takes him to the U.S. His relaxations are to cruise around Brittany, to fish and play golf. Other interests include Governorship of two schools, office in Conservative Associations for many years and membership of the Management Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Married with six children, three boys and three girls, he lives in Surrey, in the same house he has occupied for 30 years

# THE IDEAL IMAGINARY BRICK

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Do you know what a module is? You are unlikely, at any rate, to have seen one. In a sense, it's a kind of imaginary building brick. But imagination and bricks do not go too comfortably together. In fact, a module is a kind of lowest common dimension for all the standard items that go into building. The idea is that every standard item should have dimensions that are an exact multiple of whatever size is recommended for the module, so that an architect designing any building can set out all his sizes of wall, door, or window as multiples of this standard unit and know that a whole array of standard building fitments and components will exist to fit into his requirements. Equally, the building component trade could be confident of not getting a constant flow of orders that bear no relation to each other in the sizes required for particular buildings.

Last month the Royal Institute of British Architects, which has been discussing this concept for quite a long time since famous modern architects such as le Corbusier began to argue in favour of it, came out in favour of a 4-inch (or 10-centimetre) square module for use mainly in "industrialised building." All dimensions of major components, this would imply, ought over time to be made to dimensions of 4 ins., 8 ins., 1 ft., and so on. After a time, the architect working with this system would be sure that what he came out with wouldn't clash at all with the dimensions in which the parts he plans to build together would be available from materials suppliers.

Almost predictably, within a week or two there came a rumble of protest from the builders of real, and not imaginary, building bricks. The R.I.B.A., commented Britain's brick manufacturers, should not have come out so simply for the single 4-inch module. This was not simply based on the fact that Britain's standard brick happens to have dimensions, after baking, of 9 ins. by 4½ ins. by about 3 ins., though this tradition is involved in their objection. The brickmakers complained, as some other manufacturers of components are inclined to complain, that the modular system that the R.I.B.A. has backed isn't a particularly suitable one. They point to an alternative line of standardisation in building dimensions that is at present being studied by the Building Research Station of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research (which has an enviable post-war record of pioneering advances in building technique).

This involves a range of "recommended dimensions" for building components, blocks, and bricks that aren't based on a single module but which when fitted together are suited to standard sizes of wall or structural surfaces. The Building Research Station doubts whether a single module is flexible enough to take account of co-ordinating different materials—particularly as many of the materials involved require small thicknesses in structure or finish to fit together into an efficient and economical building. The station is also more inclined than the R.I.B.A. appears to be to develop its standard dimensions with regard to traditional dimensions already in use in the industry. And in British building dimensions that are multiples of 3 ins. or 1½ ins. predominate over those of 4 ins.

Design even according to these standard dimensions would involve some change for the brickmakers; although a brick itself fits into this range, what is wanted is a brick that with its joints fits into say 9 ins. by 4½ ins. From January 1963 the brickmakers have already arranged to produce a slightly smaller brick that will include the thickness of the mortar joint inside its traditional dimensions.

Behind the detailed argument over sizes there's the broader question whether "industrialised building" can be separated from traditional systems. The brickmakers argue that the patented systems of dry fabrication at present account for no more than one per cent. of building in Britain. Traditional systems cover more than 90 per cent. In between the two there are many buildings using partial pre-fabrication but also including, for example, large amounts of brickwork and other conventional components.

"Industrialised building" is the latest label for techniques which attempt to carry out the maximum of the building job in a factory or at any rate under cover, and reduce site assembly work to a minimum. It isn't quite "pre-fabricated building" in the sense that had a brief vogue in this country after each of the two world wars, in the period of hasty reconstruction. That label became associated with temporary housing (much of which, inevitably, turned out not to be temporary) of not very high standards and not particularly low cost. The pre-fabricated building industry developed then survives, in a modest way, producing standard buildings that can be sent out complete and erected anywhere. But many of the techniques of pre-fabrication have also been creeping into standard building practice.

"Industrialised building" is a term used for methods of erection that make use of sections and components fabricated in advance as far as possible, but are put together into custom-designed structures that can be as elaborate or as complex as the eventual owner desires. It is generally used for large structures, where the size of the contract justifies elaborate organisation. The techniques may range from simply the use of large completed panels for cladding the structural framework right up to highly specialised techniques such as the new Sectra system that MacAlpines have recently brought from France, in which complete room shells, poured in ready-mix concrete into special steel moulds that are heated to speed up their setting, are used in multi-storey blocks of flats. The speed with which large office, flat or factory blocks can be erected on site by such methods is impressive.

Where building technique is changing as considerably as this the traditional separation between architect and builder, as designer-cum-consultant to the customer and producer-cum-estimator of costs, becomes inadequate. Architects need and are acquiring more and more expertise in the use of non-traditional building methods, which impose considerable disciplines of their own upon the designer trying to make the best use of space to fit his client's requirements, to make the result worth looking at, and to keep it cheap.

Looking at some of the non-traditional office blocks and apartment buildings that are rising today—often isolated in acres of older buildings with which they are quite out of keeping—the passer-by may consider that this is a bad period for architecture anyway: whether or not the architects make economic use of new building techniques, the results are seldom much to be proud of. It may be that part of this malaise in design, at any rate, arises from the turmoil in techniques and relationships within this whole, over-compartmented industry. Certainly everything that brings the designer close to the production techniques is to be applauded. No onlooker can properly judge who is right in the controversy about standardisation for building technique; but that it should be occurring between architects, builders and materials suppliers is in itself a good thing.

Argon-arc welding nickel-chrome elements of a grid resister at the Aldershot, Hampshire, works of White and Riches Limited, before assembly into a glass annealing lehr. Lehrs and associated furnace equipment are designed by the firm for the electronic industries and are used in the manufacture of television tubes, valves and other components

Masticated and compounded rubber comes from a Banbury mixer on to a mill where the sulphur will be added: in the Dunlop tyre factory at Erdington, Birmingham

Compounded rubber is fed from one machine into another: Pirelli tyre factory at Burton-on-Trent, Staffs

# A BUOYANT INDUSTRY

*By* **S. C. COVELL,** *Director, Federation of British Rubber and Allied Manufacturers*

The British rubber industry is the largest in Western Europe, and the third largest in the world. Its origins go back to the 1820s, when Hancock opened his first factory in London in order to make elastic thread for mittens, when Macintosh introduced double-textured waterproofed raincoats, when Brunel fitted a rubber transmission belt to the engine he was using to tunnel under the Thames, and when one of the first wrapped rubber hoses was successfully employed in fighting a fire at Fish Wharf.

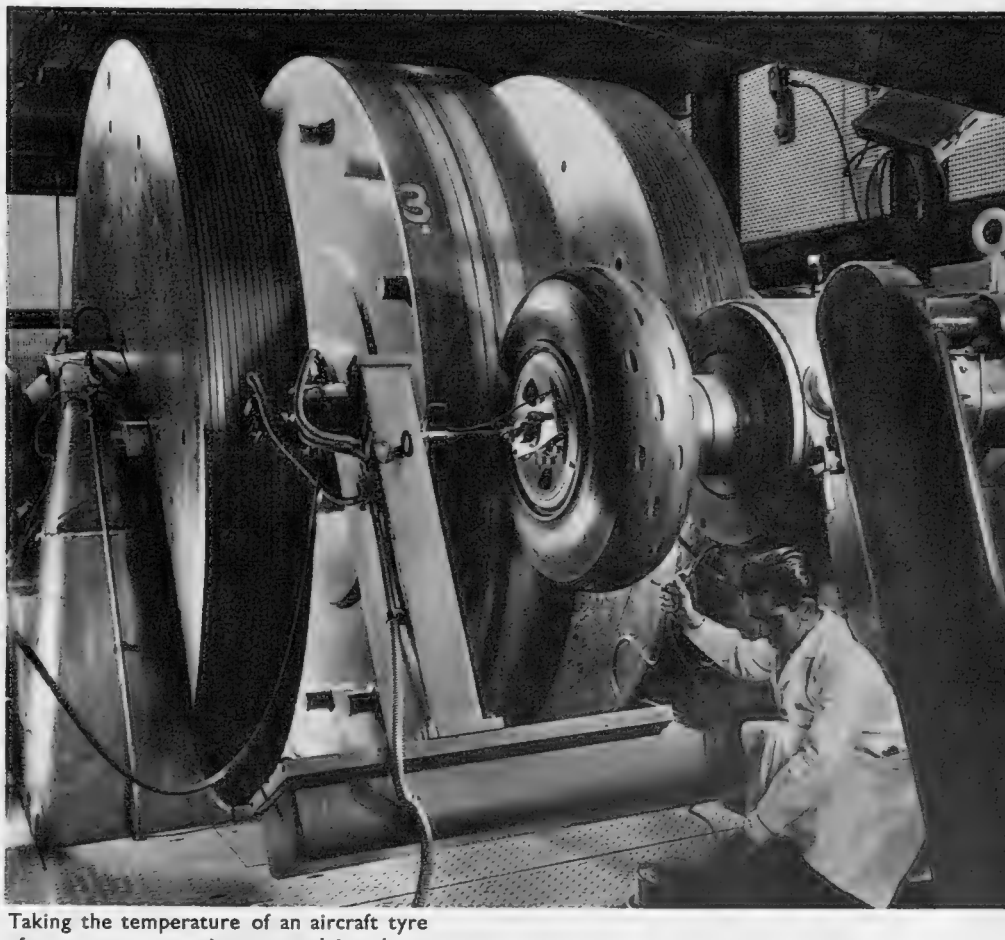
Today there are more than 300 rubber factories of substantial size in Great Britain. The total number of personnel is well over 100,000, and the total turnover (which is more difficult to assess) is believed to be in the neighbourhood of £275,000,000.

Each year the industry consumes rather more than 330,000 tons of raw rubber—natural, synthetic and reclaim. Of this just over half is used in tyres—tyres for cars and commercial vehicles, for aircraft and earth-movers, for bicycles, motor-bicycles, scooters, wheelbarrows, tractors, agricultural implements, factory trucks and perambulators.

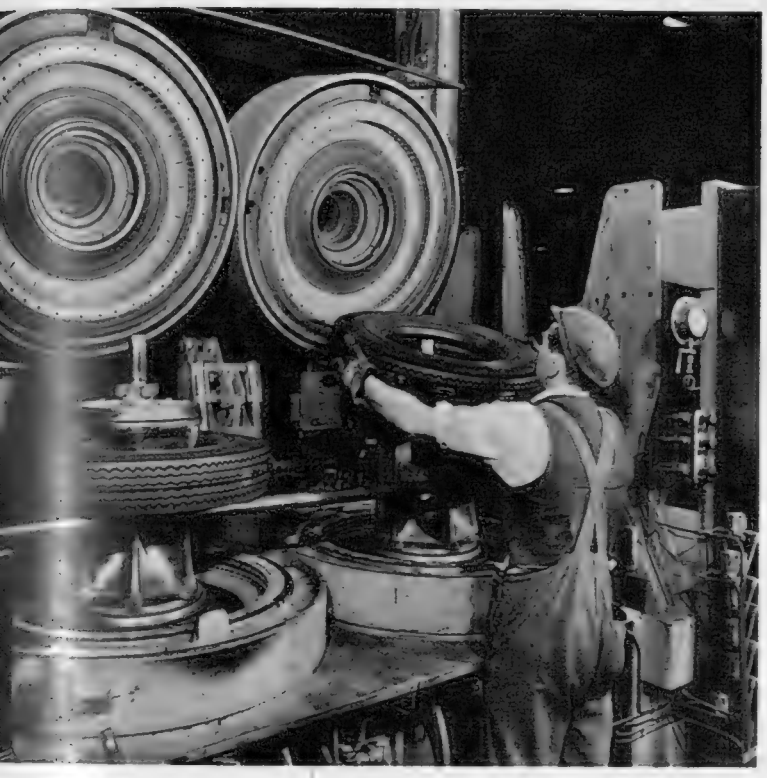
The remaining 49 per cent. goes into a large number of miscellaneous products, of which the majority are sold to other industries either as essential parts of their equipment or as components in their own end products. These include industrial hose of all descriptions, conveyor and transmission belting, anti-vibration mountings and couplings, washers, gaskets, grommets, and a host of other engineering rubbers, soling materials for boots and shoes, foam rubber for upholstery, rubber-proofed textiles, elastic thread, channelling, adhesives, and sealants. But there is also a wide range of consumer goods—mattresses and pillows, hot-water bottles and household gloves, flooring and mats, sports equipment, office requisites, medical and surgical supplies.

This immense variety of products, which is one of the most distinctive features of the industry, has led to a comparable diversity among its constituents. It has fostered a certain tendency to specialisation among individual firms as a result of which no two are precisely alike in their interests or their output. But it gives the industry as a whole a very broad basis in the general economy of the country and an unusually wide outlook on the whole range of modern scientific and industrial development.

Mixing a rubber compound on a hand mill at the Weldbank Rubber Mills of Perrite Limited, at Chorley, Lancashire



Taking the temperature of an aircraft tyre after a test run against a revolving drum



An automatic tyre-moulding machine at work at the factory of the Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Company Limited at Birmingham

**Right:** Building an inflatable rubber-proofed lifecraft at the Dunlop Rubber Company Limited, Cambridge Street, Manchester

The traditional techniques of rubber processing include chewing up and softening the raw rubber (which has the consistency of crepe soling material), mixing it with a vulcanising agent (usually sulphur), and subjecting it to a controlled combination of heat and pressure. This turns it into the uniquely tough and resilient material that we know today.

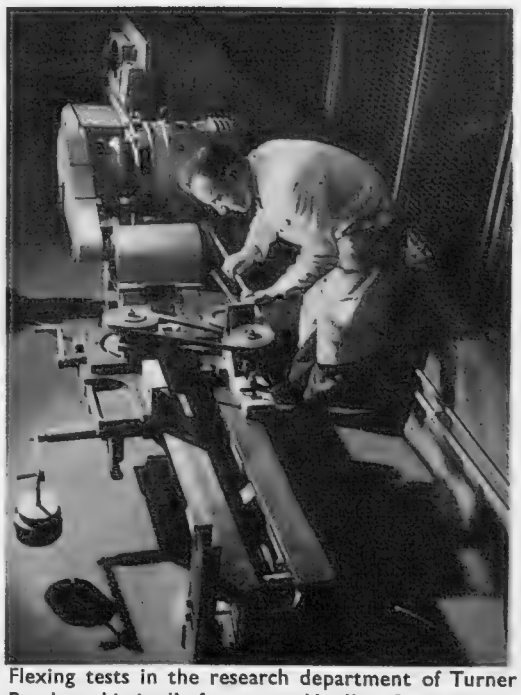
With the vulcanising agent a number of other compounding ingredients are added—accelerators, activators, reinforcing agents, anti-oxidants, plasticisers, peptisers, pigments, odorants—which serve to facilitate the processing, and vary the properties of the final product over a very wide range.

The traditional processing machinery includes horizontal mills for masticating and mixing, extruders, calenders, moulds, presses, ovens and autoclaves. Much of this remains basically unchanged; but large internal mixers have been added, and more recently rotocures for the continuous vulcanisation of flooring and conveyor belting, lead presses for moulding long-length hose, and the ingenious presses which mould rubber soles directly on to the uppers of boots and shoes.

Skill and craftsmanship still play a major part in all the main processes of rubber manufacture. As in other industries, however, modern mechanical refinements have led to greatly improved efficiency and productivity. Most spectacular, perhaps, is the automatic tyre press which at the touch of a button closes on an uncured tyre, inflates it from the inside, forcing the raw rubber into the pattern of tread and sidewall, holds it under the pressure of superheated steam to the exact moment when vulcanisation is complete and then opens of its own accord ready for the next cycle. But the mechanical aids now provided to lighten and assist the skilled work of tyre-building, the electronic metering equipment which charges the mixers, the beta-ray gauges that control the calenders, or the many forms of mechanical handling, are no less valuable in the mechanisation of tyre production.

Within the last forty years an entirely new branch of the industry has been developed round the direct processing of rubber latex, in liquid form. In this case the compounding ingredients are added as colloidal dispersions. The latex can then be beaten or blown into a froth and baked in an oven to produce the

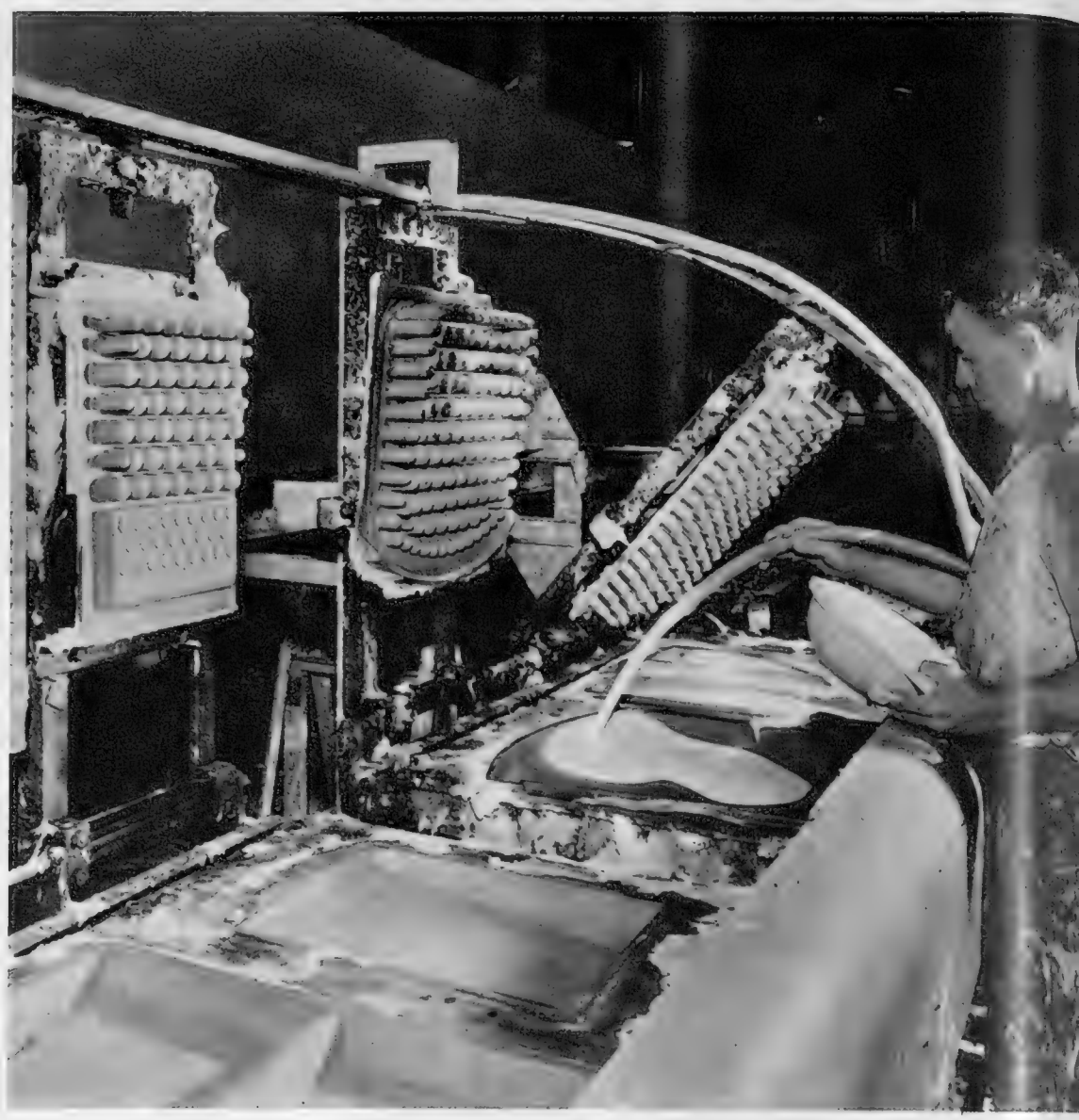
(*Continued overleaf*)



Flexing tests in the research department of Turner Brothers Limited's factory at Hindley Green, Lancs

Part of a rubber conveyor belt made by B.T.R. Industries Limited for ore-carrying in the Ural Mountains

Measuring high-precision rubber mouldings at the factory of Joseph Lucas (Electrical) Limited, Willesden



Moulds are filled with latex foam for making cushions, at the Vitafoam factory at Middleton, Lancashire

# A BUOYANT INDUSTRY

(*Continued from previous page*)

luxury of latex foam. Or formers can be dipped into the latex so that the rubber coagulates on their surface and can be stripped after vulcanisation such as a glove, a catheter or a toy balloon. It is interesting that the most extensive applications of automation that have yet been achieved in the rubber industry have been achieved by a British company in the wholesale mechanisation of the dipping process.

Nevertheless, the most profound changes in recent years have sprung not from engineering progress, but from the remarkable modern development of high-polymer chemistry. Before the First World War, rubber manufacture was almost entirely an empirical trade, full of secret recipes and traditional craftsmanship. Today it is one of the most highly advanced and scientifically controlled technologies in the country. The number of chemicals available to compound with rubber has increased from a score or so to several thousands. Their precise action has been determined and tabulated, and instead of having to rely on a handful of rule-of-thumb procedures, the modern rubber technologist can draw on a mass of published material and design any specific compound he needs from first principles.

More important still has been the introduction of synthetic rubbers. These are no longer, as some people still seem to imagine, inferior substitutes for the natural product. They are valuable materials in their own right which by supplementing the limitations of natural rubber—in resistance to mineral and vegetable oils, to sunlight, ozone and ageing, to high and low temperatures, concentrated acids, permeation by gases—have greatly extended the range and usefulness of elastomers as constructional and engineering materials.

The exigencies of wartime economy placed the initiative of the development of synthetic rubbers on the other side of the Atlantic; but British production which started in 1956 has already grown to well over 100,000 tons a year, and includes all the main types in common use today, with the exception only of butyl rubber. A butyl plant, however, is now under construction at Fawley, near Southampton. Plans have been announced for the production of the new stereo-regular rubbers—*cis*-polyisoprene (which is chemically equivalent to natural rubber), and polybutadiene (the only elastomer with a higher resilience)—in the near future. The latest high-hysteresis rubber for tyre treads is a British development so far made only in this country; we also lead in the manufacture of synthetic gutta-percha (*trans*-polyisoprene) for golf balls.

An important part in preparing the way for the development of British synthetic rubber products was played by the Federation of British Rubber and Allied Manufacturers. This body, representative of the rubber industry as a whole, was originally a federation of no fewer than twenty-three separate trade associations ranging in size and commercial importance from the Tyre Manufacturers' Conference to the Screw Stopper Makers' Association. Two years ago the Federation was refounded on a basis of membership of individual firms as well as associations, with an associate membership drawn from the major suppliers of synthetic rubbers, chemicals, machinery and components.

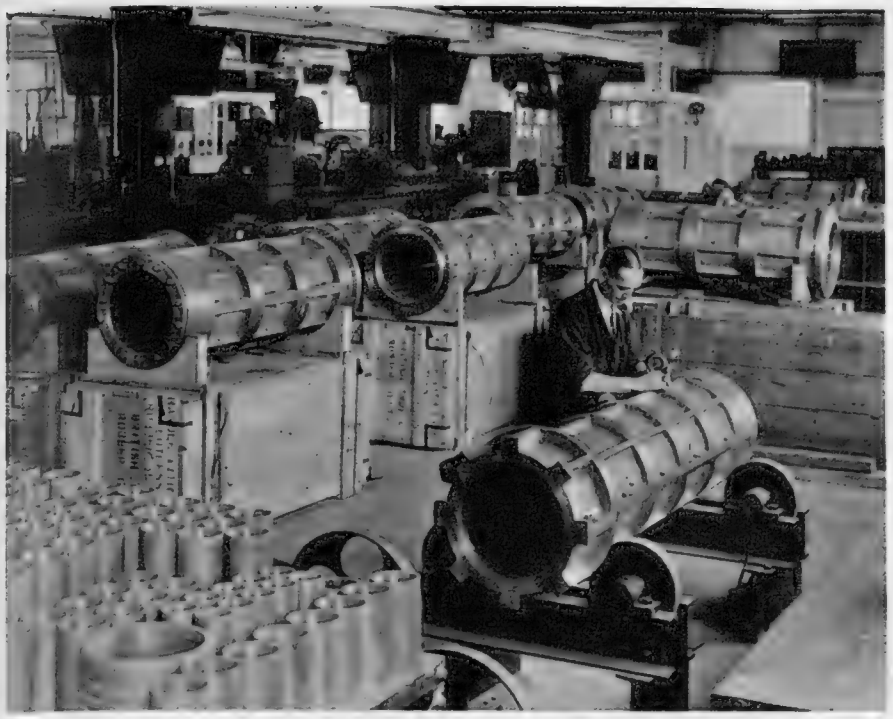
The Federation remains the chief focus of unity in a highly diversified industry. In conjunction with the Associations it provides the necessary contacts with the Government, with other industrial associations, with the nationalised industries, the Press and the British Standards Institute.

One of its major preoccupations has always been with exports. Here the rubber industry has an excellent record. Exports to world markets have risen from £37,000,000 in 1958 to £48,000,000 in 1961. The present rate of increase is about 10 per cent. per annum, which is well above the national average, and the percentage of total sales represented by exports is approximately 17½. These figures, however, relate to direct exports only. They take no account of at least an equal quantity of rubber products exported each year as components and original equipment in the products of other industries.

The rate of increase in direct exports of rubber products to the Common Market countries has been even higher than to other parts of the world. The figure for 1961 was 14 per cent. above the previous year and double that for 1958. This continuing success tends to confirm the official opinion of the Federation, formulated when British participation in the Common Market was first under discussion six years ago, that although individual problems would arise and a good deal of adjustment might be necessary, the rubber industry would on the whole have more to gain than to lose by the lowering and eventual elimination of tariffs in Western Europe.

As far as indirect exports are concerned our strength has always lain in the higher quality ranges, both of consumer and industrial goods; but there are a number of branches of the industry in which we are already able to sell the products of British mass production on the Continent, in spite of tariffs which range for the most part from 14 per cent. to 22 per cent.

Even more important is the consideration that any arrangement which can bring round uninterrupted growth to British industry as a whole, and to motor manufacturers in particular, is bound to be of corresponding benefit to the rubber industry as well.



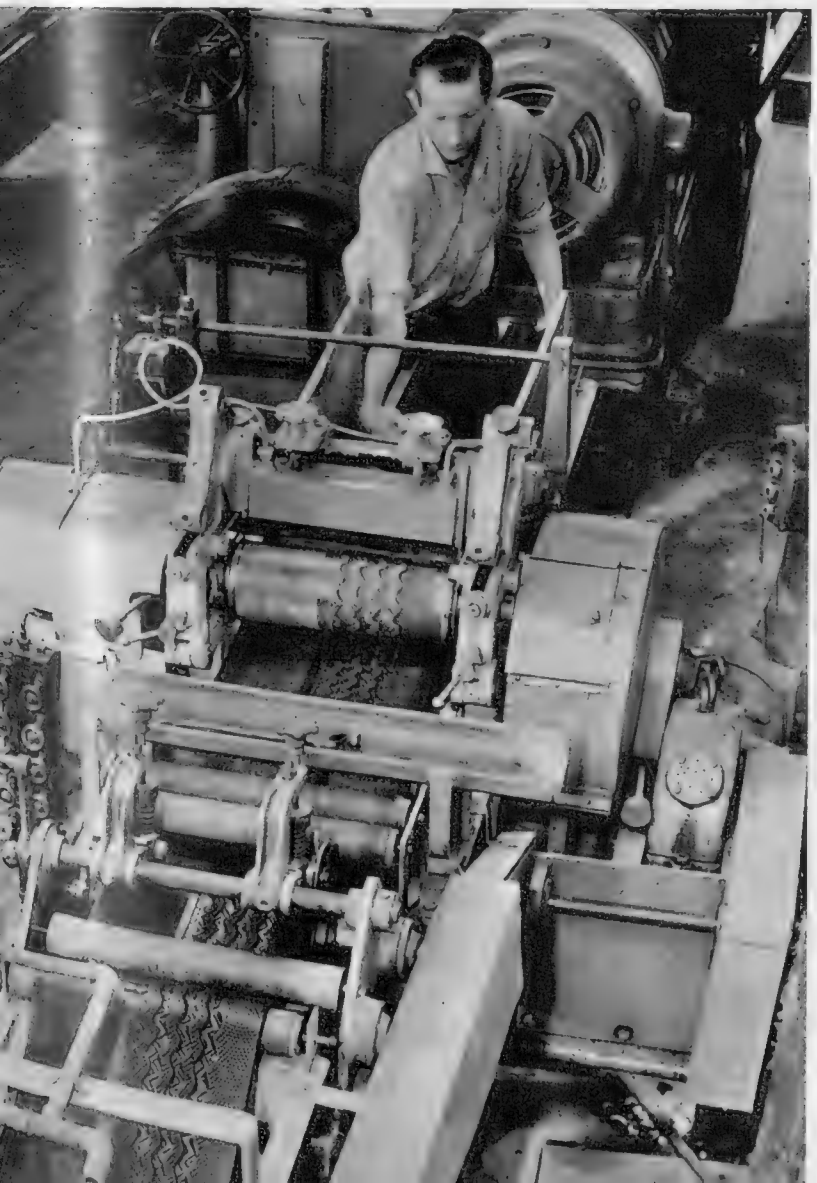
Making rubber-lined "Cutless" bearings for marine propellor shafts

Lining a large storage vessel with ebonite as protection against corrosion

**Right:** Moulding of fully shaped soles custom-designed for ladies' footwear at the Avon Footwear Sales factory, Bridgend

**Below:** The pattern and cleats for the rubber soles of kneeboots are impressed on a rubber sheet by an embossing roller at the factory of British Bata Shoe Company, East Tilbury, Essex

Marking the finished tennis ball on a special machine at Slazengers' factory, Barnsley, Yorkshire



Drilling bolt holes in the flanges of a 72-in. rubber expansion joint: at George Maclellan and Co., Ltd., Shuna Street, Glasgow

## INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

# PAINT POINTERS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Rising profits and the possibility of merger moves—these are the two features of prospects for Britain's paint industry outlined in a detailed study by one of the City's leading investment institutions. Total sales by Britain's paint producers reached £150,000,000 last year, of which exports represented £16,000,000. In volume terms, domestic consumption of paint in 1961 reached 95,000,000 gallons, of which just over half, or 50,000,000, went on industrial and consumer good finishes. The remaining 45,000,000 gallons were used for decorating, and it is estimated that about one-third of these, or 15,000,000 gallons, were sold retail. Britain's paint industry is easily the largest in Europe, but despite the British industry's expansion in sales over the last three years the rate of growth of leading European producers has been greater still. British paint firms seem in general to welcome the prospect of joining the Common Market, where exports to Germany are already an important part of total overseas shipments: imports of paint into Britain are negligible.

One curious feature of the industry is that a large share is held by companies that are offshoots or divisions of major diversified concerns. These six parent companies are I.C.I., Courtaulds, Wall Paper Manufacturing, Goodlass Wall, Bell's Asbestos and Reckitt and Colman. The existence of these large units has given an impetus to merger possibilities, which arose from I.C.I.'s attempt to gain control of Courtaulds. I.C.I. later denied that they were also planning to take over the Wall Paper group, while one important set of bid negotiations, between British and International Paints, had to be abandoned. Apart from the existence of the big units in the industry mergers would be useful, as they would lead to a fuller use of the industry's capacity. It is estimated that sales could rise by an extra £50,000,000 from existing plant and equipment.

Apart from the offshoots of the six major companies, the three most attractive investments in the industry are the major "independent" producers, namely, International Paints, British Paints and Berger Jenson. Each of these three companies earns more than £1,000,000 a year before tax and their combined assets amount to £30,000,000.

International, whose main U.K. factory is on the north-east coast, produce a full range of paints, enamels and varnishes, and operate two ships' paint stores. One feature of recent years' expansion has been the development of overseas interests and the group now manufactures abroad in more than a dozen leading markets. Reporting earlier this year, Mr. C. R. Petrie, Chairman, told shareholders that the group's U.K. companies had expanded sales in all departments during 1961 and had maintained export turnover. This year, he added, overall sales and profit margins have been maintained. He added the warning, however, that if pressure on margins continued, it would be difficult to improve on the 1961 results. Last year's earnings of some £620,000, after tax, showed a sharp improvement after the 1960 setback and shareholders' dividend was raised to 22½ per cent., the second effective increase over the last five years.

British Paints, whose merger talks with International broke down last autumn, similarly produces a full range of products and specialises in products for projects such as skyscrapers and motorways. Like International, British is based on the north-east coast and operates in many overseas markets—but British reported losses by its three United States and Canadian factories last year. Mr. J. W. Adamson told shareholders this year that the first quarter's sales were good, and showed an increase. But he gave a warning that the board believe they would do well to repeat 1961 rate of profits. Last year's earnings were only just short of the high level reached in 1957 and showed a sizeable improvement after the 1960 setback. British Paint shareholders have, however, done better than those in most other leading paint concerns. Their dividend has been raised by more than one-half, from 19¼ per cent. in 1957 to 30 per cent. last year.

Berger Jenson, the third of the "independent" producers, is the largest in terms of assets, employing total capital of more than £13,000,000. This group is the product of a merger two years ago between Lewis Berger and Jenson and Nicholson. Berger specialise in motor-car finishes and Jenson in finishes for smaller domestic appliances. Berger Jenson operate no less than seven factories in Australia but have recently sold their South African and Rhodesian interests.

Recent date of the Berger Jenson merger precludes any detailed comparison of profits and dividends, but the board have indicated that overall results improved by 6 per cent. last year, against a decline of 14 per cent. in 1960. The current dividend rate is 14 per cent., the same as that paid by Berger immediately before the merger, though above the Jenson level.

Paint shares traditionally offer high yields, and will appeal mainly to investors concerned with current income. All three shares yield over 7½ per cent. International Paints at present seems the most attractive, offering the highest yield (8¼ per cent.) with the largest cover (1½ times).

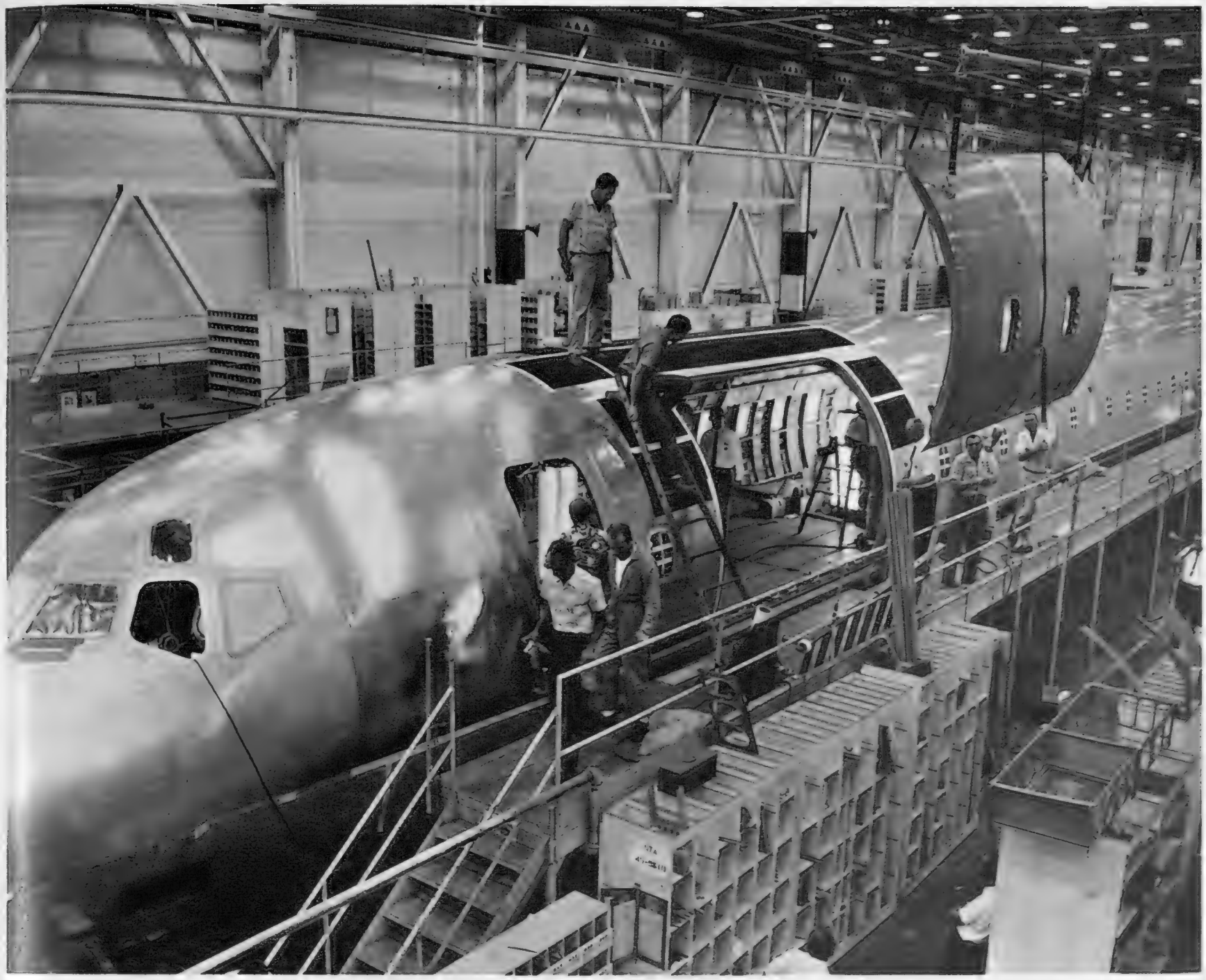
An air-to-air view of the Hawker P.1127 vertical take-off tactical strike aircraft capable of supersonic speeds, during test flying. It is expected that the P.1127 will be at next month's Farnborough Air Show. A development of the fighter, the P.1154, has been considered a strong contender to win the Nato contract for a tactical strike aircraft

Britain's first jet-engined businessman's airliner, the De Havilland DH125, takes off on its maiden flight. Its handling qualities were described as "delightful." It can carry six to ten people and is powered by two rear-mounted Bristol Siddley Vipers

# GOOD LIVING

*By Ganymede*

At the Distillers' Agency luncheon at Brighton Pavilion are, from left in front of a portrait of George IV, Mr. Clifford Musgrave, the Pavilion Director; Lord Boothby; Mr. W. H. Oatley; and Mr. A. C. Strofton, Chairman of the Off-Licences Association



## AIRCRAFT TODAY

A massive cargo door is installed on a DC-8F Jet Trader convertible cargo-passenger jet transport during assembly at the Douglas Aircraft Division, Long Beach, California. The Jet Trader can carry up to 95,282 lb. of freight or 183 passengers and their luggage. Five of them have been ordered for delivery next year

The Distillers' Agency, proprietors of " King George IV " Old Scotch Whisky, claim another connection with that monarch, apart from using his name. The home of this delightful brew is at South Queensferry, on the Forth, and it was from there that the King set sail in 1822 after the first State visit to Scotland for almost 200 years.

Before leaving Scotland on that occasion he visited the estates of Dalmeny and Hopetoun nearby. A link with that event was established ten years ago when the new South Queensferry blending and bottling plant was opened by the Earl of Rosebery whose ancestors had entertained King George IV at Dalmeny during his visit.

Now a further tie has been established, since the directors of the company entertained their friends to lunch in the Royal Pavilion at Brighton on the day of the 200th anniversary of King George IV's birth. It was a most enjoyable occasion which gained much from the inherent gaiety of its surroundings.

The well-chosen menu contained at least one exceptionally interesting dish. Clear Turtle Soup and Scotch Salmon was followed by what the menu described as " Syllabub Royale." This was certainly a most unusual pudding for modern palates, as could be seen from the almost astonished faces around me at the table.

It was, in fact, one of the Prince Regent's favourite dishes, discovered by Mr. Clifford Musgrave, Director of the Pavilion. He says that George IV liked to eat well, enjoyed almost any food, and at one meal there were 122 dishes on the menu.

This pudding consisted of whipped fresh cream, flavoured with brandy and lemon peel, served on top of half a glass of Marsala, and was sprinkled with grated chocolate and ratafia. This might not be to everyone's taste today, but I found it very interesting and enjoyed it.

We started lunch with an excellent Amontillado. This was followed by the ubiquitous Liebfraumilch Crown of Crowns, and with the Wensleydale Cheese a fine Claret, 1953 Château Cos D'Estournel, was served. The liqueurs included a choice of cognacs and, not unexpectedly, liqueur whiskies.

Mr. W. H. Oatley, managing director of the Distillers' Agency, was in the chair and the other speakers included Mr. Musgrave, who talked most interestingly of his favourite subject, the King and his Royal Pavilion, and Lord Boothby, who capped his speech with more amusing stories than ever. After lunch, those of us who wished were taken round the fascinating building by Mr. Musgrave himself. This was a memorable experience.

My friends, Derek Todd and Geoffrey Nobes, both Masters of Wine, joint managing directors of Hatch Mansfield and Co., tell me, as a result of a recent visit made to the Bordeaux area, that good progress has been made in the vineyards after the early setbacks. Thanks to plenty of sunshine, the vines have been catching up, and the forecasts for the vintage are now more optimistic than had been earlier. If the weather continues to be reasonably kind, and there are no serious outbreaks of disease, a crop of fair quantity can be expected. The vintage should begin at the end of September, which is earlier than had been foreseen.

They have also had a good look at the wines of some recent vintages, and express the view that 1961 was a very good year. It shows even more of the best qualities of Claret than 1959, which had been acclaimed as the vintage of the century by many.

They tasted the 1960 wines, which have now passed through two winters, and found that they are developing very well. They are much lighter than 1959 and 1961, but they will give much pleasure when they are ready to drink. They are expected to mature early, perhaps in four years.

My friends particularly liked Château Montrose (St. Estèphe), Château Grand Puy Lacoste (Pauillac), and Château Prieuré Lichine (Margaux). These they consider outstanding in the 1960 vintage.

All this goes to show the weakness of " Vintage Charts," for in all the good vintage years there are individual wines which do not show up so well, whilst in the years which are regarded as not so good, some wines are found to be outstanding.

MOTORING

# NEWS OF THE MOTOR SHOWS

*Trying out the Lancia Flaminia*

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

It is difficult to believe that the London Motor Show will have opened in less than eight weeks and that it is only six weeks to the Paris Salon. Both exhibitions will have special interest this year. They will give the public its first opportunity of seeing in close company a number of important new British and foreign cars which have either been announced by the time you read this or are due soon. The Paris Salon opens on October 4 and continues until October 14. It will not be held in the Grand Palais, off the Champs Elysées, its home since 1898, but at the exhibition centre at the Porte de Versailles. The London Show will run from October 17 to 27, and, as usual, will be staged at Earls Court, with all the customary parking problems.

This unsatisfactory aspect of Earls Court is one of the reasons many people have shown special interest in the plan for a £12,000,000 exhibition centre on the old Crystal Palace site. A working group set up two years ago by the Federation of British Industries recommends that the centre should be created and run by a non-profit-making trust in which the Government, the London County Council and industry should be equal partners. Its plan, which Mr. Erroll, President of the Board of Trade, says he is studying with interest, envisages a main hall of 900,000 square feet. This would be larger than Earls Court and Olympia combined. There would be parking for possibly 8,600 cars on or near the site, including a multi-storey park for 2,000 cars.

The Lancia Flaminia 2½-litre, 100-m.p.h. saloon

Announcement of the new Morris 1100, with its front-wheel drive, transversely mounted engine, disc brakes and sophisticated suspension, has had a tonic effect in the motor trade which is now eagerly awaiting the new Ford saloon delayed by labour troubles which "cost" the Dagenham firm 8,000 cars. Within the next few weeks, too, news is expected of major improvements to other Ford models. Look out, also, for a new 6-cylinder range, a new small saloon bearing a name usually associated with bigger cars, the front-wheel drive V-engined German Ford with the code name "Cardinal," and a new small British sports car from one of the Big Five.

To renew acquaintance with the Lancia Flaminia, Italy's biggest production car, I drove to the charming Cotswolds and the exciting Malvern hills, where this 2,458-c.c., 100-m.p.h. saloon gave non-stop proof of its refined engineering and superb controllability whether cruising at 90 m.p.h. on M 5 or ambling quietly along secluded Herefordshire lanes. The clutch was not quite right, the steering column gear shift needed adjustment, and the seats—beautifully upholstered in real leather—did not give all the support one has a right to expect from a car which in England costs £2,469 but, so help me, these are all the criticisms I have of this superb car.

The engine is a compact 60-degree V-6 unit in light alloy and the clutch and gear-box are in a unit with the back axle, of de Dion design. The suspension is orthodox, there is an all-synchromesh gear-box and Dunlop disc brakes are used on each wheel. I liked the position and leverage of the handbrake, placed almost horizontally under the facia to the right of the steering column and had a lot of fun playing with the push-button controls of the rear quarter lights.

They are powered by inlet manifold depression, augmented by a reservoir. The steering qualities of the Flaminia are admirable. It is so light that in a car which weighs nearly two tons when fully laden one could be pardoned for thinking it has power assistance. The Flaminia—whose deep, lustrous blue finish in the Lancia tradition was greatly admired—does about 20 miles to the gallon overall—and it's worth it. Typical of the personality of this big saloon is the simple finger-tip repeater button at the end of the turn indicator lever for dipping the headlamps.

Since it was announced that the Irving parachute company had linked up with the Belbrace people in the development of safety belts using inertia reels to give freedom of movement to the wearer except in emergency, there has been news of two other major sorties into this particular safety-belt field.

Britax, Britain's biggest belt manufacturers, say they have perfected an inertia-reel version of their three-point belt combining diagonal strap and lap belt; and Raleigh Industries have entered the fray through a Birmingham subsidiary, J. S. Brooks Ltd. They are using a patent inertia reel made by Teleflex Products, of Basildon, Essex, who have had much experience in the aircraft world. The Brooks reel safety belt, as they are calling it, has shoulder and lap straps with three-point fixing and will cost about £7 exclusive of fitting. It is suitable for any type of car with any kind of seat.

The inertia reel, which pulls the webbing tight when subjected to more than a certain pressure, is fitted near the base of the central door pillars. It enables the wearer to reach forward as he wishes except in a collision or when the car is braking sharply. It is self-adjusting to wearers of all sizes.

When not in use the webbing winds tidily back into the reel, thus avoiding the muddle associated with most safety belts, which can easily get caught in the door or, by flopping on to the floor, get dirty quickly. I see a big future for this type of belt, especially if large-scale production helps the makers bring the price down. The main reason many motorists have not yet fitted belts (which may become compulsory soon) or do not bother to wear them all the time is the fuss of putting them on, especially if they have to be adjusted.

The motel movement in Britain has not been wildly successful so far and there are many motorists who still prefer to stay in an old-fashioned hotel. This, to my mind, is sheer conservatism, and I personally think motels will become more and more popular. After all, not many have yet been built in Britain. As the number grows, more and more travellers will be in a position to enthuse over their attraction and convenience.

Mr. Graham Lyon has done most to pioneer motels in Britain and now that he has linked up with Watneys, the brewers, I think we may expect to see quite a number of these new-style hotels springing up under the Watney-Lyon banner. They have just opened one at Epping, Essex. It is the fifth in the Lyon chain and the first they have built in a town. This one is in Epping High Street—only 18 miles from London—and forms part of the old Cock public house. It has twenty-eight bedrooms on two floors with lounge, cocktail bar and restaurant.

Another new motel which was opened recently has been built by Trident Hotels, a subsidiary of Charrington United Breweries. It forms part of the Norman Cross Hotel which stands at the junction of A.1 and A.15 near Peterborough and 76 miles from London. It is Britain's first circular motel, has twenty self-contained studio apartments with garages below, and is connected to the hotel by a covered way. The rooms are air-conditioned and each has a combined bath- and dressing-room. There is coin-in-the-slot television for viewing while in bed! In addition to a new hotel dining-room there is a buffet bar with seating for thirty if it's a quick-service meal you are after.

I went to King's Norton not long ago to visit the Birmingham factory of the Triplex company, who make most of Britain's windscreens and who have other factories in London and Lancashire. I always find it fascinating watching the skilled Triplex craftsmen making laminated and toughened screens and always respond with alacrity to the traditional invitation to jump on a toughened screen supported on two bricks to see if I can break it. Alas, I never have!

The thing I found most interesting on my recent visit was the news that Britain's Big Five are showing incipient enthusiasm for the Triplex company's new heated back lights—rear windows to you and me—which Jaguar and Rover already offer as an optional extra at between £20 and £25. These frost-proof, mist-proof rear windows are made of laminated glass with a pattern of tiny, almost invisible electric wires built into the sandwich. When you turn a switch on the dash these wires heat up and keep clear of frost and mist a patch measuring 2 square feet. (It would be too much of a strain on the battery to treat a bigger area.) Here is a safety feature which I should like to see become popular.

Briefly. . . . Chrysler 1963 models will carry a guarantee of five years or 50,000 miles. . . . The Transport Minister has ordered a route survey for a 30-mile motorway from Leyton (Essex) to Stansted Mountfitchet on A.11.

# Building and Civil Engineering

# Contractors in two hemispheres

Rush & Tompkins are developing commercial and industrial undertakings as well as executing major building and civil engineering contracts in this country and overseas.

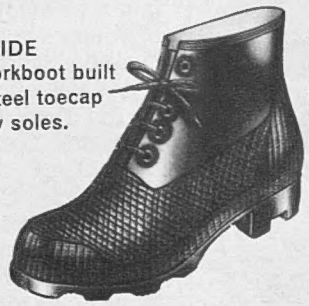
Every project, whether it be at London Airport, in British Guiana or in Aden has the close personal supervision which is the proud claim of Rush & Tompkins.

R T

RUSH & TOMPKINS—PAULING GROUP · 26 VICTORIA STREET · LONDON SW1

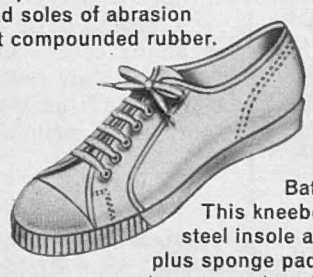
# Bata HAVE AN INTEREST IN RUBBER

Bata THAMESIDE
Waterproof workboot built with internal steel toecap and heavy duty soles.



Bata GRIPMASTER
Precision built with built-in platform and exchangeable, adjustable spikes.

Bata CENTRE COURT
Built for speed in action with firm tread soles of abrasion resistant compounded rubber.



Bata FIREGUARD
This kneeboot is built with steel insole and steel toecap plus sponge padded instep and leg to guard against submerged dangers during salvaging operations.

The British Bata Shoe Company has an unrivalled experience in the use of rubber in the many and diverse conditions of the footwear produced to very specific requirements for the United Kingdom and its large Export markets. Our Crepeing Plant, Textile Mill, Tannery, Rubber, Leather and Plastic factories enable us to control production and quality at every stage of precision shoemaking. Different customers have different demands and rubber is so prepared to give the best service under all conditions for sport, for work, for fire-fighting. There is a rubber article to meet most conditions. This unique service ensures the very best use of rubber—the very best shoes from Bata.

Bata

THE BRITISH BATA SHOE COMPANY LTD., EAST TILBURY, ESSEX & MARYPORT, CUMBERLAND

**CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.**—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

# LUNN'S ROUND THE WORLD TOUR

Sir Henry Lunn Ltd., has pleasure in announcing a special Round The World Tour personally escorted by

**MR. & MRS. LESLIE LING**

14 fascinating countries in all are visited—including Egypt, India, Japan, U.S.A., Canada, Burma, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong.

**4 MONTHS' TOUR 1,850 GNS.**

First departure 27th January, 1963. Registrations for future Tours are being accepted up to five years ahead.

Please write for the beautifully illustrated full colour programme, to Dept. RW2.

**SIR HENRY LUNN LTD.**

**36, Edgware Road, London, W.2**
**Phone: AMBassador 7777**



# BATORY

**CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CRUISE**

SOUTHAMPTON · CADIZ · CASABLANCA
MADEIRA · TENERIFFE · LISBON
LE HAVRE · SOUTHAMPTON

**24 DEC — 9 JAN**
*16 DAYS FROM £90*
*Apply to your local Travel Agent or*
**STELP & LEIGHTON LTD**
9—13 Fenchurch Buildings
London, E.C.3 (ROYal 3111)


# TRAVEL

(*Continued from page* 279)

Visitors enjoying winter sunshine on a terrace in Beirut, capital of Lebanon

anti-climax. Everything, too, is well organised for the traveller in all three countries. Perhaps if your main aim is rest and warm sunshine, then I recommend Mahabalipuram (near Madras), where there is a charming rest-house, superb sands, and a group of remarkable seventh-century monuments; and Trivandrum, the capital of Kerala, with a fine sea-coast nearby.

In Ceylon, I fancy one or other of the rest-houses around the south coast, where last January I bathed four times a day! Hambantota and Hikkaduwa are my favourites, while the Mount Lavinia Hotel (near Colombo) is of international fame. There are also organised tours to the many places of interest on this "Pearl of the Indian Ocean." I often dream, too, of returning again to the Swat Valley in Pakistan—a veritable Shangri-la in this world of rush and worry.

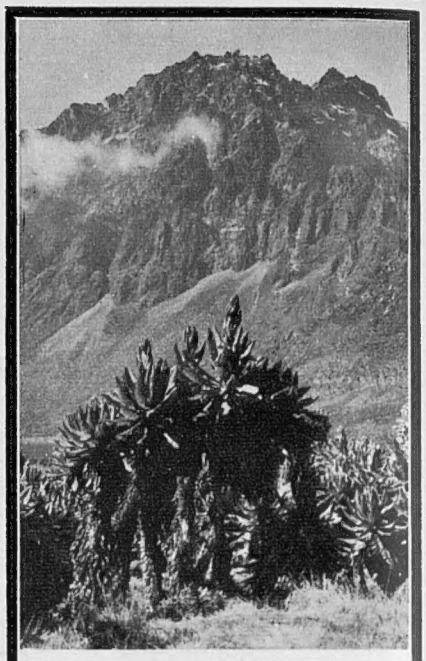
In this rapid survey of winter sunshine resorts I cannot miss the islands of the Caribbean, also Bermuda and the Bahamas. The Bermudas, of which I am very fond, are the most northerly group of coral islands in the world, and they benefit a lot from the Gulf Stream. Apart from its delightful scenic attractions, the Bermudians still maintain a pleasant, leisurely way of life. You will, however, be more sure of winter sunshine farther south in the Bahamas, but prices, due to the invasion by American tourists, have rocketed. This problem of high prices also affects several of the larger Caribbean islands.

But there are four islands in the sun which I would recommend: Barbados, Grenada, Antigua and Tobago. All can be quickly reached by B.O.A.C. and its inter-island link, British West Indian Airways. Prices, by the way, are higher between mid-December and mid-April—the time when it is most pleasant to be in this lovely part of the world, with the beautiful bays fringed by most glorious sand beaches. Then, there is usually yachting, fishing, skin-diving, water-ski-ing, golf and tennis. Evenings are bright with dancing and native entertainment. It would be best, I think, to make an inclusive arrangement for a stay through a specialist travel agent. Besides access by air, there is for those who prefer a more leisurely approach opportunities of travelling by ship, including comfortable freighters. Finally, for heady thrills, consider Mexico (easily reached by Sabena Airlines). Here you find a superb climate and the mysterious echoes of past civilisations. Cooks have tours there, including one which embraces a visit to Guatemala.

## USEFUL ADDRESSES

**Specialist Travel Agents**

*Cooks (generally throughout world), Berkeley Street, W.1.*
*Ceylon and Overseas Travels Ltd. (U.K. representative: Boswell and Johnson, Dryden Chambers, 119, Oxford Street, W.1.)*
*Rankin Kuhn and Co., Ltd. (for Uganda Wildlife Development), 19, Queen Street, W.1.*
*East Africa Tourist Association (information only), Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.*
*Horizon Holidays (Canaries), 17, Hanover Street, W.1.*
*Sir Henry Lunn Ltd., Marble Arch House, 36, Edgware Road, W.2.*
*Wings Ltd. (Canaries), 48, Park Road, N.W.1.*
*Ingham's (Canaries), 26, Old Bond Street, W.1.*
*Informal Travels (sea tours), 45, Queensway, W.2.*
*Wakefield Fortune Ltd., 52, Haymarket, S.W.1.*
*Oceanways Ltd. (for Eastern Mediterranean cruise), 23, Haymarket, S.W.1.*
*West Indies, Tourism and Tourism Ltd. (for Caribbean), 8, Manchester Square, W.1.*

**To see the Mountains of the Moon you don't need a spaceship**

*JUST FLY TO*
**UGANDA**
*For the winter holiday of a lifetime*

- Big Game and Mighty Mountains
- Warm Sunshine and Friendly People
- All Inclusive Tours From £199

*Enquiries to:* East African Tourist Travel Association, East Africa Office, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London W.C.2.



***For business friends or clients overseas— what better or more welcome gift?***

From all points of view a subscription to "The Sphere" is *just right!* This intensely readable and magnificently illustrated journal is a gift that never misses the mark. Its arrival is looked forward to every week—a pleasant reminder of the giver—and we enclose a card with the first issue giving your name as donor. Subscription rates for 12 months £7. 14. 6. (Canada £7. 0. 6.)

Your regular bookstall or newsagent will arrange a subscription for you, or write to:

The Publisher, The SPHERE, Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.



**CASH!**

for

**DIAMOND JEWELLERY**

or English

**ANTIQUE SILVER**

*LARGE CASH FUNDS AVAILABLE FOR SHORT TERM LOANS*

**WALTER BULL & SON**
(BISHOPSGATE) LTD. AVEnue 3716

Jewellers and Pawnbrokers

Established for over 100 years

122 BISHOPSGATE LONDON E.C.2


Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by MARTLET PRESS LTD., 88–94, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1962. Second-Class Postage paid at New York, New York.

# IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

*Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 13-15, *John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

SEPTEMBER is a time for country touring—Scotland, Cotswolds, Exmoor—and the New Forest. The last named has a particular attraction at that time, with autumn beginning to show in the trees and bracken, and the ponies already starting to grow their winter coats.

Almost in the heart of the Forest is Burley, a small village off the main road, with miles of walking country round about. Here, set in 54 acres of grounds, is *Burley Manor Hotel*, where only the hoot of an owl or the dawn chorus is likely to disturb the profound silence of the Forest. The resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dixon, are not only experienced hoteliers but have all that energy, enthusiasm and foresight to realise the great opportunities for an hotel such as this, seemingly off the beaten track yet an excellent centre for golf, riding and the sea.

Should you be staying in the locality, *Burley Manor* would certainly make a worthy objective for a meal, though such an excellent reputation has been established for fresh and appetising fare that it is advisable, especially at weekends, to book one's table.

Two further points we have noticed with satisfaction are that on chilly days the hotel's comfortable and well-equipped bedrooms were warm and that the terms are really inclusive, in that they cover early morning tea, newspapers, coffee after meals and afternoon tea. *Burley Manor* is also conveniently placed for all who use Hurn Airport for journeys to the Continent and Channel Islands.

Lyndhurst is another well-known New Forest centre and a quiet country-house hotel that we can recommend here is *Parkhill Hotel*. It is difficult to say why *Parkhill* is so likeable, especially to overseas visitors. Partially it lies in its true English character. Built to withstand winter cold and summer heat, and designed for gracious living, bedrooms are well proportioned, lounge space is plentiful, with generous log fires and central heating.

At all seasons *Parkhill* has plenty to interest the country lover—sailing, hacking, hunting, tennis, squash—and those who make their headquarters here will find the Hargreaves friendly and helpful hosts who maintain their high standard through continued improvements.

On the main road to Bournemouth and the West that runs through the New Forest (A 31) stands the *Compton Arms* at Stoney Cross. We know of few similar roadside hotels so opulently and happily furnished. A number of bedrooms have private baths, two suites have their private sitting-room. All are close carpeted and individually furnished, and a detailed thought is a Thermos jug for a hot beverage or iced water by one's bedside. The three outstanding features of our first stay one cold night in March was the warmth on entering, the cheerful environment of the restaurant, cocktail bar and corridors, and the West End standards of cuisine and service. An excellent example of experienced and interested management.

One answer for the tourist who likes to get out every day and see as much of the country as possible, is a motel, and this part of the world is blessed with a good one—the *New Forest Motel* at Ower, which stands on the cross-roads where the London-Bournemouth road (A 36) intersects the Salisbury-Southampton road (A 31).

Providing the same range of services as the other Motels of the same group (at Exeter, Devon, the Mendip Motel at Frome, and also the Graham Hilton Motel at New Inn Green, Kent), bedroom accommodation covers private baths or showers, telephones, radio, valet service and private garage.

Those who have not as yet sampled the gay restaurant are likely to have a pleasant surprise. The service is expeditious, the menus varied, the cooking enjoyable, the tariff reasonable and any diversion to reach them is well worth while.

Brockenhurst is a typical New Forest village, almost a small town in fact. Nearby is a country mansion hotel—*Balmer Lawn*. We have known this hotel for years, and it is now firmly placed on the New Forest map as not only good to look on but also worth stepping into.

A tremendous amount of work over the last few years has resulted in replanned kitchens, extra bathrooms, modern cocktail lounge, games and television rooms with dining-room and lounge furniture complementary to the character and proportions of the house. The renovations have, of course, extended to the bedrooms, where much of the original furniture has been retained.

The catering we have experienced has been consistently good, and menus offer a good choice and are well suited for the hotel's patrons, whose out-of-doors pursuits range from golf, tennis, squash to hunting. The hotel has reopened the stables and, in addition to tuition, stabling is available for visitors' own horses.

If a smaller hotel is preferred then our suggestion is the *Rose and Crown* at Brockenhurst. Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Smith, resident proprietors, fit this inn like the proverbial glove. Nothing is too much trouble. They pride themselves on their table; their selection of cold sweets and main dishes are everyday attractions, the more gratifying because only the best ingredients are used, with cream, eggs, bacon, all vegetables and fruit coming from their own farm.

The spacious and attractively designed restaurant added to the rear of the hotel is just the place to sample the good fare. Two smaller rooms, overlooking a Spanish-style patio, are available for private parties, and the terrace and garden that surround the whole provide a restful setting.

The county of Hampshire extends a good deal further to the eastward than one would expect so, although Liphook is not in the New Forest, we must make mention of the *Royal Anchor Hotel* there, as it is a useful port of call for South-and West-bound travellers.

To our minds it is a model of all that a roadside hotel should be, with a welcoming air, modern comforts and old-time dignity combined in the whole. Whether in Nelson's, Queen Victoria's or some other illustrious person's bedroom, you will be glad to have stayed here. The restaurant and snack-bar lounge have that indefinable something which excites appetites and arouses vintage thoughts. How aptly *The Royal Anchor's* menu and wine list can rise to the occasion!


**BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. BALLYLICKEY HOUSE**
Luxury country hotel in parkland and ornamental gardens facing the sea. Own sea-trout fishing. Sailing. Private bathrooms. French chef. Write G. Graves.

**BATH, Somerset. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL**
standing in its own beautiful grounds, distinctly individual, with an appeal to all irrespective of age. Every comfort and excellent cuisine. Delightful cocktail bar and grill room. Weekend dancing. Garage. Tel.: 5891.

**BOURNEMOUTH. ROYAL BATH HOTEL*****
For those who can afford the best in appointments, cuisine, service and situation. Orchestra and dancing nightly. Tel.: 25555.

**BOURNEMOUTH WEST. BOURNE HALL HOTEL**
In a key position for sea, shops and shows and with moderate terms. Private baths, lift, delightful garden, hard tennis courts, billiards. Games Room and Ballroom. Lock-up garages. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

**CIRENCESTER IN THE COTSWOLDS. KING'S HEAD**
an historic hotel completely refurbished, provides cheerful service, excellent food, comfortable bedrooms, many with private bathroom. Tel.: 677.

**Nr. EDINBURGH, Gullane. GREYWALLS**
A charming secluded Lutyens house within easy reach of city facing Muirfield Links. Lovely garden. Tennis court, good food and wine. Tel.: Gullane 2144.

**GUERNSEY, C.I. LA COLLINETTE HOTEL**
A small hotel facing south in St. Peter Port. Good food, cocktail bar, games room, laundry room, fishing and sailing. Brochure from P. S. Chambers. Tel.: Central 2585.

**GUERNSEY, C.I. LA FREGATE**
Already famous for its food and wines, this gracious eighteenth-century house also has a few bedrooms, all with unsurpassed sea views. Resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. George Hawes. Tel.: Central 1011.

**HERM ISLAND, CHANNEL ISLES**
HOLIDAY CONTENTMENT. If your idea is no cars, no cares, no crowds, then our
**WHITE HOUSE HOTEL**
on this tiny island of Herm will attract you. Just sands, sea and complete serenity. Curious? Then write K. Wood.

**JERSEY, C.I. LONGUEVILLE MANOR HOTEL** (1st Reg.)
A centrally heated country-house hotel, yet close to sea, sport, entertainment. Every comfort, good food, fully licensed. Always open.

**LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL**
For a memorable holiday in modern sea-front comfort. Four-star cuisine and entertainment. Cocktail Bar, Ballroom. Free Golf. Tel.: 77544.

**MR. & MRS. LOCKERBIE LOCK**
—He was a safe manufacturer and they lived in the Boltons—have solved the problem of where to live comfortably and economically on his retirement.
To assure security from housekeeping worries, to safeguard their friendships and to have a pass key to all the social attractions that London can offer, they are taking up permanent residence at
**TUDOR COURT HOTEL**
**58-66, CROMWELL ROAD, S.W.7**
**KNI. 8273**
one of the eight North Group of London hotels situated in South Kensington.
Perhaps you have a similar problem and would like to pick our brains? If so, write to Miss F. Pleasure at M. F. North Ltd., 14, Cromwell Place, S.W.7. (Tel.: Kensington 1212.)

**LYTHAM, Lancashire. CLIFTON ARMS**
An hotel in the luxury class with private bathrooms, Grill Room, Cocktail Bar, excellent cuisine and service. Sea-front position. Express train service. First-class golf. Tel.: 6245.

He's in safes, strong-rooms, mortice locks and the like. A family man at home, he and his wife have three lockets. The Master-Key family have definite views on holidays—that's why they come each year to
**THE GRAND TORQUAY**
the pass-key to good health. Outside playground and indoor Games Room for the lockets and fresh and appetising fare for all.
Always a good address for a family holiday.
Tel.: 25234.

**WALES. LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL**
in a setting of utter tranquillity 1,000 feet up. Mountains around, the lake below. Trout fishing, shooting, tennis, swimming or complete relaxation. Address via Oswestry.

never go without a CAPSTAN

C.C.87

To match the smoothness of a well-tuned engine... the smoothness of a perfectly made cigarette. A Capstan naturally. With every strand of the fine Virginia tobacco *vacuum-cleaned* for extra coolness. Give Capstan a trial run today. You'll be impressed with their performance.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS—A WORLD-FAMOUS NAME FOR FINE VIRGINIA TOBACCOS FOR NEARLY 200 YEARS